

15/04/97

Monday April 14 1997

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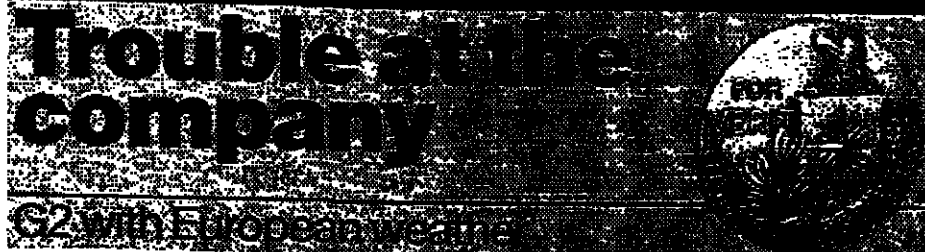
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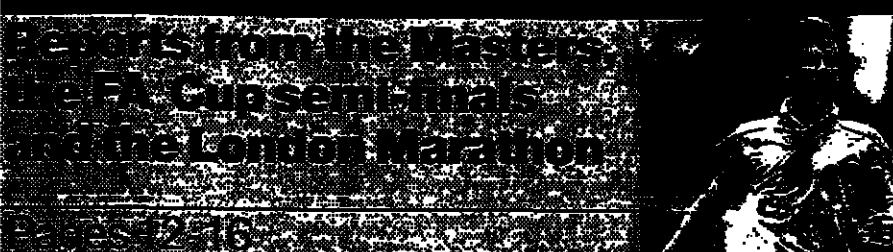
NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR
46,537

Martin Walker on the CIA in crisis



G2 with Euro

Sport



Media

Have the press gone too far?

G2 with Euro

Blair plays education trump card

Labour revamps campaign

Even MacAskill and Donald MacLeod

TONY BLAIR will try to inject vision, passion and conviction into the general election campaign today by devoting his biggest speech so far to education, traditionally Labour's strongest issue.

He will announce an extension to specialist schools in a move that will be interpreted as Labour stealing more of the Tories' clothes.

In a tacit admission that the party's campaign had stalled last week, Labour strategists promised Mr Blair would "let rip" and take the election "by the scruff of its neck" by campaigning on positive policies.

With Labour's election team appearing to be back in control after last week's wobble, the party will follow their drive on education today and tomorrow with a push on Labour's other strong card, health, to finish the week.

A Labour spokesman said: "It is not a relaunch but to make the campaign come alive. The more negative they [the Tories] become, the more positive we will be."

For the first time, Mr Blair will pull together all the strands of Labour's education policy in a speech in Birmingham this morning. He will couple an offer of sweeteners with a warning that poor schools and poor teachers will not be tolerated. He will announce that schools will be eligible for an extra capital funding of £100,000 plus £100 per pupil to specialise in languages, technology, drama sports and music if they raise £100,000 from business sponsorship.

This is a straight lift from



Conservative policy, but Mr Blair will add his own twist by saying he would create such schools in deprived inner-city and rural areas rather than the wealthier suburbs. This fits with Mr Blair's call to modernise comprehensive schools and make them more flexible with fast-track learning for the most able children.

In another lift from Conservative policy, Mr Blair will disclose that a Labour government will extend the Conservatives' Private Finance Initiative throughout the country to cope with an estimated £3 billion maintenance backlog.

Private firms and consortia will lease schools for 30-year contracts under which they would build or repair them; manage and operate the cleaning, catering and security services for the education authority to recoup their initial investment.

In a direct message to Middle England, Mr Blair will insist that there will be no place to hide for poor teachers: it is "intolerable for pu-

pils to be saddled with teachers who cannot teach."

In an equally tough message he will add: "Schools must have zero tolerance of failure. We will not be afraid to close schools that have gone beyond a point and reopening schools on the same site."

Mr Blair and his team blamed the kind of "tit-for-tat" reporting by broadcasters, in which a comment by one party is countered by one from another, for creating cynicism about the election.

The Conservatives were in an ebullient mood yesterday, claiming they had forced Labour to relaunch its campaign.

The Tories are looking to the unemployment figures on Wednesday to push the agenda back onto the economy and have other cards to play, such as the constitution and Labour's plans for child benefit.

In his education speech, Mr Blair will make clear that a Labour government would build on existing good practice such as baseline testing and target setting in Birmingham and "fresh start" proposals to tackle failing schools, pioneered by Hamper Smith and Fulham. But local authorities would be inspected by the Office for Standards in Education and be taken over by a "hit squad" if they were found to be failing.

In addition to limiting class sizes for five to seven-year-olds, Labour intends to set targets for children at 11 and improve teacher training to emphasise the three Rs as part of its primary school programme.

The Election, pages 6-7
Leader comment, page 8
Peter Mandelson, page 9

Chesterfield to replay the semi-final



Midfielder Jamie Hewitt (right) celebrates after his late equaliser earned Chesterfield a replay

PHOTOGRAPH: DAVID JONES

Cup underdogs dream on after last-gasp strike

Martin Thorpe and Vivak Chaudhary

THEY came with hope in their hearts, and went back to Chesterfield still dreaming the impossible.

No team from outside the top two English divisions has ever made it to an FA Cup final, but, following yesterday's sensational semi-final draw with Middlesbrough after extra-time, John Duncan's division two side got another chance at Hillsborough a week tomorrow.

They cost £220,000 to assemble; their opponents, Middlesbrough of the FA Premiership, are worth £21 million.

Chesterfield made a mockery of those figures, leading 2-0 at one stage at Old Trafford, and the greatest upset in the FA Cup's history beckoned.

But 10-man Middlesbrough fought back, and Chesterfield were 3-2 down when midfielder Jamie Hewitt threw himself at a cross to equalise with just a minute of extra-time left. Hewitt, then lost in a sea of bodies, celebrates his 30th birthday on May 17, Cup Final day.

The winners of the replay



Anguish for Liz McColgan after her narrow defeat

will go to a final against Chelsea, who beat Wimbledon 3-0 in the other semi-final.

A day of frantic sporting activity began with the London marathon. The women's race, the largest ever, was won by Kenya's Joyce Chepchumba who just edged ahead of Scotland's Liz McColgan, last year's winner, during a sprint finish.

The men's race was just as close with Portugal's Antonio Pinto winning by a second from Italian Stefano Baldini.

Glorious sunshine ensured that hundreds of thousands of people lined the route, but most of the 27,000-plus runners found the going difficult in temperatures of around 21C.

The event was hit by tragedy again when one of the competitors collapsed and died, the fifth fatality in the event's 17-year history.

For the first time there were off-course showers and a total of 650,000 bottles of water were on hand for competitors, an average of eight litres per person.

As ever, the serious runners mingled with a variety of fun runners, many of them racing in fancy dress and raising money for charity.

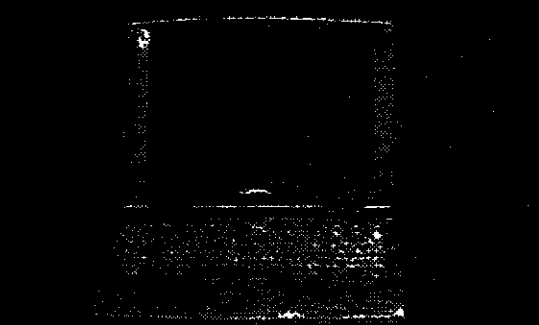
One runner was dressed as Batman, another wore a grass skirt and a woman runner dressed up as a bunny girl to tackle the punishing course.

Among the celebrities taking part were comedian Jasper Carrott, cricketers Allan Lamb and Graham Gooch and tennis player Jeremy Bates.

The oldest person in the men's race was American Abraham Weintraub, aged 87, while the oldest woman runner was Jenny Wood Allen, aged 85.

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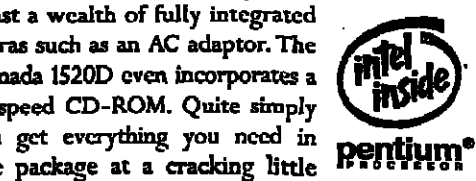
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Pressure grows on Clinton for military action as report links suspect in Dhahran compound bombing to Tehran intelligence agent

Gingrich urges US air strikes on Iran

Ian Katz in New York

THE Republican House Speaker, Newt Gingrich, yesterday called for the United States to carry out air strikes against Iran if intelligence officials conclude that Tehran was behind last year's bombing of a US military compound in Saudi Arabia.

Responding to a report yesterday that US and Saudi officials had linked a suspect in the Dhahran bombing to a senior Iranian intelligence agent, Mr Gingrich said

Washington and its European allies should "consider seriously certain very high-value targets in Iran".

His comments, the strongest yet for military retaliation against Iran, came as more than 100,000 people marched on the German embassy in Tehran in protest against a Berlin court ruling which implicated the Iranian leadership in the assassination of Kurdish dissidents.

With relations between the West and Tehran more strained than at any time since the Ayatollah Khomeini's 1979 fatwa against the British author Salman

Rushdie, Mr Gingrich warned: "We have to take the indirect killing of Americans as an act of war."

The pressure on President Bill Clinton to strike at Iran increased as the Washington Post reported that a Saudi Shiite held in Canada in connection with the last June's bombing had links with Brigadier Ahmad Sherif, a senior Iranian intelligence officer.

According to the paper, US and Saudi intelligence believes Brigadier Sherif met the Saudi suspect, Hani Abd-Rahim Sayegh, two years before the bombing that killed 19 US servicemen and wounded 500.

Canadian authorities claim Mr Sayegh drove a surveillance car behind the explosive-filled truck detonated by other members of a Shiite terrorist cell outside the Khobar Towers barracks. They say he then fled Saudi Arabia shortly after the bombing.

According to an unnamed US official quoted by the paper, the link to Brigadier Sherif, whose duties are thought to include organising Hizbullah cells across the Middle East, make it clear that Iran was "the organising force" behind the Dhahran attack.

Investigators reportedly gathered evidence against Mr Sayegh from intercepts of telephone calls from Canada to Saudi Arabia during which he allegedly discussed the bombing with family members and implicated other members of a Saudi Hizbullah cell.

Mr Sayegh maintains his innocence, and Tehran denies involvement. According to Arab intelligence sources, the evidence linking Iran to the bombing includes bank cheques signed by Brigadier Sherif.

Investigators believe Mr Sayegh met Brigadier Sherif while studying at a religious school in Qom, Iran. They believe he

later met the Iranian agent, who is also a senior official in Tehran's Revolutionary Guards, in Damascus.

In Tehran, meanwhile, riot police ringed the German embassy as crowds denounced Germany, the US and Israel, and burnt an effigy of the Berlin judge who ruled that "highest state levels" of the Iranian government had ordered the 1992 killings of four Kurdish dissidents in Berlin.

Canada, Australia, New Zealand and all European Union countries except Greece recalled their ambassadors from Tehran after the ruling.



"We have to take the indirect killing of Americans [in the bomb attack on the Khobar Towers US military compound in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia] as an act of war... and consider seriously certain very high-value targets in Iran"

Newt Gingrich, Speaker



Members of the White Movement group in the uniform of the General Kappell brigade laid wreaths yesterday at the memorial tomb of Tzar's army generals. They were marking the 79th anniversary of the death of the leader of the anti-Bolshevik officers, General Lavr Kornilov

Judge in row over church and state

Ian Katz in New York

A CONSERVATIVE judge in Alabama who insists on displaying the Ten Commandments in his courtroom has emerged as a hero of the religious right in a dispute which is challenging the United States' constitutional commitment to keep church and state apart.

Thousands of people, some waving Confederate flags, attended a "boisterous rally" outside Alabama's state capital on Saturday in support of Judge Roy Moore, who has defied a court order to remove the wooden tablets above his bench in the small industrial town of Gadsden.

The dispute has pitched the state of Alabama, sometime heart of the rebel Confederacy, into a stand-off with the federal government, with the Republican governor, Fob James Jr, vowing to call out the National Guard if any attempt is made to remove Judge Moore's plaque.

"We are with you," the governor declared to rapturous cheers at Saturday's Save the Commandments rally. "Never doubt my resolve. There comes a time when free people will no longer tolerate their loss of liberty. That time has come. Lawmaking by the US Supreme Court is wrong, illegal and chaotic."

The row erupted in February when another Alabama judge upheld a complaint by the American Civil Liberties Union that the plaque and courtroom prayer sessions held by the judge violated the constitutional separation of church and state. The judge ordered Judge Moore to stop holding prayers before jury selection and to remove the Ten Commandments or surround them with secular artefacts.

Judge Moore, a devout Baptist who carved the plaque himself, vowed to defy the order, declaring: "We were

once a great nation blessed by God... I tremble for my country when I reflect that God's justice cannot slumber for long."

The judge's supporters argue that the Supreme Court contains three depictions of the commandments: carvings on the front doors, a rendering of Moses holding the tablets, and a depiction above the seat of the chief justice.

The issue, which pits freedom of religious expression against the determination of the founding fathers to keep state and church apart, is certain to go to the Supreme Court. The court has ruled in the past that the commandments make unsuitable courtroom decorations.

Judge Moore's cause has been embraced by religious activists such as Ralph Reed, the executive director of the Christian Coalition, and Donald Wildmon, a conservative who has campaigned against homosexuality.

The judge has also won overwhelming support in Alabama, a poor and religious state proud of its official motto: "We dare defend our rights." More than 200,000 Alabamians signed a petition backing him, and the state's attorney-general launched a legal challenge to the order that the plaque be removed.

The Republican-dominated House of Representatives passed a resolution praising the judge and calling for display of the commandments to be allowed in government offices and courtrooms.

Judge Moore points out that his courtroom also contains portraits of presidents Washington and Lincoln, the state seal of Alabama, and copies of the Mayflower Compact and the Declaration of Independence. He insists his prayer sessions do not offer state endorsement to any one religion because he does not ask the faiths of the invited ministers, requiring only that they worship a "Judeo-Christian" God.

Doctors fight patent on umbilical cord blood use

Protests over royalty payments to US company for placentas to treat bone marrow disease

Kate Watson-Smyth

A GROUP of British doctors is seeking to overturn an "immoral" patent granting a US company the right to charge them for using blood from human umbilical cords.

The Europe-wide patent means that any doctor wanting to use umbilical blood in transfusions or surgery will have to buy a licence and pay royalties to the Pennsylvania-based company, Biocyte Corporation.

This is the latest development in a discussion about whether it is right to patent parts of the human body. Opponents believe it breaks international agreements that the body should not be commercialised.

Umbilical cord blood can be vital in curing life-threatening bone marrow diseases. The blood is extracted and frozen soon after a woman has given birth, in a procedure which British doctors claim was already being used without restriction.

But Biocyte was granted the patent after claiming that it did much of the research that discovered the blood's curative powers. It has exclusive rights over that blood once it has left the body and it cannot be used for any purpose without permission from the company.

Chris Moiler, president of Biocyte, said the company had spent 25 million on research. "We want to be appropriately rewarded. Who else thought of doing this and creating a commercial enterprise around it?"

A legal "opposition" against the patent has been launched by Eurocord, the international organisation of blood cord banks, and is supported by many British doctors who are outraged at what they call the "commercialisation" of the human body.

Dr Richard Nicholson, editor of the *Bulletin of Medical Ethics*, said he did not believe Biocyte should have been granted the patent as they had not done anything new.

"The human body should not be commercialised in order to make a profit, but equally important is the fact that this method of storing umbilical cords is not new," he said.

"New ideas do not just spring up from nowhere, scientists all round the world are working on similar projects and I do not believe that Biocyte has done anything innovative enough to warrant a patent."

This is moving away from providing medical care for the benefit of human beings in need to providing medical care for the benefit of making a profit for the shareholders.

Professor Stuart Horner, chairman of the BMA ethics committee, said: "We believe that scientific research should be freely available to all and we are opposed to people restricting its use, particularly of products which can ultimately cure people."

The patent covers the stem cells found in placentas and umbilical cords. When removed and injected into the diseased areas of the body they can repopulate them with healthy blood. The technique has been used in more than 500 bone marrow cases.

The stars really are younger than the universe

The stars really are younger than the universe

Tim Radford Science Editor

ASTRONOMERS have finally solved one of the most embarrassing problems of all time. The universe is not, after all, younger than some of the stars in it.

According to Neil Reid, a California Institute of Technology astronomer who has been using data from a European Space Agency satellite, cosmologists can breathe again. The universe — including time, space, light and matter — began about 13 billion years ago. The oldest stars are somewhere between 11 and 13 billion years old.

The confusion began years ago with measurements made by the Hubble telescope, which seemed to show that some stars could be up to 18 billion years old.

Dr Reid — who will publish his discovery in the *Astrophysical Journal* in July — used a satellite called Hipparcos to show that the way astronomers have been calculating distance has been wrong by 10 or 15 per cent.

He used the satellite's instruments to take a survey of 30 stars of a particular class within 200 light years of the Earth. Then, six months later, when the Earth had moved 180 million miles or so to the other side of the Sun, he did it again. Since he

had the angles from two sides of a known baseline, he was able to use old-fashioned geometry to put the stars in their place, which was further away than first thought.

The stars he chose were of a kind believed to be very old and astronomers have been using them as "standard candles" to measure brightness and therefore distance. But since these stars turned out to be further away than first thought, the astronomers decided they must also intrinsically be brighter than they had guessed. Brighter stars have shorter lives so they should be younger than first thought, too.

Instead of being perhaps 15 billion years old or more, they would only about 11 to 13 billion years old — younger than the universe.

Dr Reid's findings confirm those announced by two British astronomers in February. Scientists have acquired their own version of Deep Thought, the computer in Douglas Adams's novel *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* that calculated the answer to "life, the universe and everything" to be 42. The 2.3 million Silicon Graphics Origin 2000 computer installed in the department of applied mathematics and theoretical physics at Cambridge is called Cosmo. It will be overseen by physicist Professor Stephen Hawking.

Spirit of Mitchell continues in Orton's haunting songs

Review

Garth Cartwright

Beth Orton
Union Chapel

CANADIAN songstress Joni Mitchell was all over the news last week, having made contact with the daughter she gave up for adoption 32 years ago.

If you closed your eyes at Islington's Union Chapel, you could almost believe you had found another little Mitchell, in the shape of 26-year-old

Beth Orton — who could almost pass for Joni's daughter. The Norwich singer-songwriter may be best known for singing on the Chemical Brothers' *Dig Your Own Hole* album, which went to number one in the UK charts yesterday.

Yet Orton's own material is a galaxy away from the Chemical Brothers' techno-rock thud, and her debut album *Trailer Park* was one of the more ethereal listening pleasures of last year.

Critical acclaim allied to regular live performances have built Orton a surprisingly large fan base for a performer whose music attracts

that most unfashionable of labels: folk.

Over the past six months she has progressed from opening for folk-rock mentor John Martyn to, on Friday night, packing the Union Chapel.

No venue in London is more suited to Orton's beautifully fragile music than this one and, taking the stage, Orton threw a bouquet of flowers to the people in the front rows "to break the ice".

Leading a six-piece band, she then began with *She Cries Your Name* and howls of "We love you Bessie" were heard coming from grown men and women. Orton is a lanky six-footer, yet commands only

when singing, her natural skyness and very English grace complementing her affecting, if somewhat strained, vocal pitch.

She sings with a smooth lyricism that wavers when the reaches for a higher register, giving the material a touching vulnerability.

If she occasionally stumbles on ballads, the Californian rock flavour of *Somebody's Daughter* saw her displaying a brassiness that would be worthy of Sheryl Crow.

Don't Need a Reason gave her band the chance to extend itself, the cello and violin floating above a liquid double-bass rhythm while Orton's

plaintive phrasing imbued the melody with a deep sense of melancholy.

Her dance music leanings are not forgotten, as the keyboardist imbues the accoustic arrangements with subtle electronic patterns.

Incongruous as this may seem, especially when the string players struggle over a trip-hop pulse, it is a cross-pollination that works, taking folk rock to new realms.

Members of the audience rose to dance several times but stewards returned them to their seats, the atmospheric Union Chapel being near-perfect for reverent listening but apparently not available for

more expressive forms of celebration.

A three-song encore began with Orton's solo "while the lads have a gag", yet this demonstrated how much she needs her superb band.

For now, Orton lacks the edge that marks out a great singer-songwriter, and none of her songs possess the haunting quality of the *Romantics* I Wish I Never Saw *The Sunshine*, which she dedicated to a recently deceased friend and sang with great feeling.

Orton really has something, but I'm not quite sure what and, for now, I believe neither is she. But the future should be interesting.

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Schmaltz beats gloom

Movie reworks Orwell's angst

Luke Harding on a novel modernisation

IT IS one of George Orwell's bleaker novels. Published in 1938, *Keep the Aspidochelone* is an embittered account of the life of a failed poet who works in a bookshop, and his relationship with his adoring, rather supine girlfriend.

Except in the Hollywood cut, that is. A new film of the book has "updated" the plot, thrown out the doom and gloom, and transformed the main female character from a doormat into a sexually confident career woman, it emerged yesterday.

The film which has a largely British cast depicts the thwarted literary ambitions of Gordon Comstock, the bookseller's assistant. The character is played by Richard E Grant, while Helena Bonham Carter plays his girlfriend, Rosemary.

But the screenplay by Alan Plater shifts the emphasis towards bitter-sweet romantic comedy. Director Bob Bierman yesterday played down reports that Ms Bonham Carter had demanded a more feisty role for her character. "What we have done is modernise all the story elements. It is all about total quality," he said yesterday. "It has nothing to do with feminism whatsoever."

In Orwell's book, Rosemary

is a lowly art director in an advertising company. But in the film she shoots to the top of the company, gets a pay rise and takes command of an entire division staffed solely by men.

Rosemary also takes the lead on the sex front in her relationship with Gordon. In the book Gordon leads Rosemary into the woods and leaves her an embarrassed, snivelling wreck after an unsavoury encounter on an old mackintosh. In the film it is the other way round.

Also in the original Rosemary waits submissively until Gordon asks her to marry him after she becomes pregnant. In the film, which is being shot in London, Bonham Carter declares she does not want to get married and loses her baby.

"Women in the 1930s were different. George Orwell could not anticipate what it would be like in the 1990s," Mr Bierman added. "Most of the things Helena says in the film don't feature in the book. In the film the couple have a good row, and though the war and care is still there, Helena's version of Rosemary is not nurse."

Last month Grant admitted the film has been given a "bitter-sweet spin". He added: "The film will be a little more romantic than the book and not so grim."

Michael Shelden, Orwell's official biographer, pointed out at the weekend that most of Orwell's contemporaries held chauvinistic attitudes. "Evelyn Waugh and Graham Greene were even worse — they were actively hostile towards women," he said.

Most of the book is about the difficulty of having sex in those days. Orwell was not a happy camper and saw England as a dreary place.

Orwell's own wife, Eileen Blair, was far from submissive, though. She took a first at Cambridge and accompanied Orwell everywhere, nearly dying when she went with him to Spain during the civil war.



Helena Bonham Carter: to give a spunky portrayal of the 'doormat' character Rosemary



George Orwell: bleak novel about literary frustration

'Women in the 1930s were different. George Orwell could not anticipate what it would be like in the 1990s. Most of the things Helena says in the film don't feature in the book. In the film Helena's version of Rosemary is not nurse'

Bob Bierman director

Problem of keeping close to spirit of literary classic

IT is a problem faced by many modern directors: how to keep close to the spirit of a literary classic without sacrificing box office appeal?

Andrew Davies, who won international acclaim for his BBC scripts of *Middlemarch* and *Pride and Prejudice*, found himself condemned by the tabloids for introducing a "shocking lesbian sex romp" into his TV adaptation of *Moll Flanders*.

In the original novel by Daniel Defoe, Defoe's spongy heroine engages in bawdy, adultery, and incest. But not, as such, lesbianism. In

his version Davies created a new character, Lucy Diver, and showed Diver and Moll Flanders kissing and fondling passionately. "A lesbian love affair is perhaps gratuitous, but it happens at a time when she is disillusioned with men," he explained. Several academics condemned the interpolation. Others pointed to the latest friendships between mannish women in the novel.

Director Anthony Minghella's *English Patient* has been praised for scripting Michael Ondaatje's novel to its most luminous essentials. However, some critics felt

that Kip, a Sikh sapper who was a significant character in the novel, had been downgraded for commercial reasons.

The BBC's costly adaptation of Conrad's novel *Notre-Dame* was marred by an ugly dispute over how it should end. David Lodge, who adapted the book, wanted it to finish with an upbeat triple wedding. But director Peter Jackson decided a more sombre conclusion was appropriate. In the editing room, he lopped off the finale so the series ended with the books' saddest speech on the vanity of human love.



Alan Plater: emphasis on bitter-sweet comedy

Britons wounded in Ethiopian blast

Police trainers shield diners from exploding grenade as attacks kill one woman and injure 41

Alice Martin in Addis Ababa

TWO members of a British government-funded police training team were seriously injured when they threw themselves on to an exploding grenade to protect their wives and other diners at a crowded restaurant in the Ethiopian capital, Addis Ababa, at the weekend.

They were among 41 people — including five Britons — wounded in two separate explosions that took place almost simultaneously in different districts of the city, killing one woman.

Blair Davies and John Bown are part of a British team training the Ethiopian police force in, among other

things, "community policing methods", in a project funded by the Overseas Development Administration (ODA).

Speaking from hospital in Addis Ababa, the men said they had just sat down with their wives at the Blue Tops restaurant on Saturday evening when they saw what resembled an explosive device being lobbed near their table. They threw themselves on to it to protect their wives and others nearby.

The device, which the British embassy in Addis Ababa described as a simple grenade, landed between the British couples and a French couple — all resident in Ethiopia — who were dining at the next table.

The two British men were the most seriously injured,

and are being treated for multiple wounds at the city's Black Lion hospital, where they were said to be out of danger. The French woman sustained severe facial injury, in particular to an eye.

The two men's wives were also injured and treated for shock, although their condition was not thought serious.

A third British couple was also in the restaurant. The man was treated for cuts and bruises and not detained in hospital, while his girlfriend was uninjured.

A British Embassy spokeswoman, Janet Duff, said: "Most of the injuries were due to flying glass and shrapnel, but we don't think anybody is in danger of losing their life."

Within minutes of the restaurant explosion, another grenade was thrown into the crowded ground-floor bar of the small Tigray Hotel in the old Piazza district. Thirty-three people were injured, three seriously; an Ethiopian

barmaid died later in hospital.

Professor Paul Wilkinson, a British expert on terrorism, said of Mr Bown and Mr Davies: "The men reacted with remarkable courage and professionalism in lethal circumstances. They took a desperate and very brave step to prevent the tragedy of wider deaths."

The British Embassy said the two men worked for private companies which help provide international training to the public sector. They were involved in a £4.9-million police training project

which had been running for four years and was due to end in a few months.

An ODA spokesman said the scheme was to "restructure the Ethiopian force along civilian lines" after the paramilitary set-up that followed the civil war. Retired and serving police officers have also been involved in the project.

Observers said the timing of the explosions — others were reported in different parts of the town — together with the choice of targets were the mark of an anti-government armed group, but no one has claimed responsibility.

There had been heavy security in the capital earlier in the day as the prime minister, Meles Zenawi, returned from a visit to Rome. After the explosions, armoured vehicles patrolled the streets.

The Tigray Hotel is frequented by Tigrayans, an ethnic group closely associated with the ruling Ethiopian

People's Revolutionary Democratic Front (EPRDF). The Blue Tops restaurant is a focus for foreign aid workers, diplomats and well-off Ethiopian business people, making it a target for any armed group seeking international attention.

The country's controversial policy of regionalisation along ethnic lines has, some observers say, increased ethnic tensions and created resentment against Tigrayans, who are dominant in government.

Responsibility for a series of bombs at hotels last year was claimed by Al-Itihad, an extremist Muslim group operating in Somali areas. But many feel the political opposition is unable to find a voice in the country's "revolutionary democracy" other than by violent means.

Last November an Ethiopian Airlines plane was hijacked and crashed into the sea off the Comoro Islands, killing 125 people on board.

BSE data may delay lifting of beef ban

Paul Brown Environment Correspondent

NEW data which shows that BSE will not be eradicated from British cattle for another 10 years is to be considered tomorrow by the Government's scientific committee advising on the crisis despite ministers' attempts to ignore the evidence.

The research deals a serious blow to the UK's chances of having the international beef export ban lifted quickly. In order to get beef exports moving again, the Government has previously assured the European Commission that BSE will die out naturally by 2001.

Information on the work at Reading university's Department of Agriculture was offered to the Government in March last year by the Veterinary Epidemiology and Economics Research Unit, which has a worldwide reputation. Douglas Hogg, the Agriculture Minister, Keith Meldrum, the chief vet, and Stephen Dorrell, the Health Minister, declined the offer.

Nick Short, one of the researchers involved, said: "Frankly we were very surprised to get no response from hand-delivered letters. We believe the public has a right to know these things, so we have decided to publish our research anyway."

The fact that the Government has tried to ignore the information underlines increasing anxiety in the scientific community about its handling of the crisis.

The Ministry of Agriculture, which has access to the data used at Reading, appears to have underestimated the extent of the problem, particularly about the way the disease has continued to spread from cow to calf. Tracking maternal transmission, as it is called, and selective culling of the offspring of infected cattle is the key factor in eradicating the disease.

Tomorrow the Spongiform Encephalopathy Advisory Committee, SEAC, is to con-

sider the issue again. For a long time the ministry denied that maternal transmission was a possibility, but last year admitted it was a factor.

The Reading research took sample herds of cattle which had a number of infected cattle and tracked the progress of the disease. Detailed computer analysis involving hundreds of computer run-throughs concluded that cases were likely to continue to occur until at least 2007.

The paper says: "The significance of maternal transmission to the long-term course of the epidemic are clear from the output of this model. It is likely that occasional cases will occur well into the next century."

Tracking the disease is vital in refining the government's current slaughter policy, the paper says. "The ability of the model to identify and follow individual infected animals enables an evaluation of the slaughter policies targeted at individual animals." In effect it suggests that animals likely to develop BSE could be slaughtered.

Mr York said: "In trying to deny that maternal transmission is an important factor in prolonging the epidemic the ministry is slowing down its eradication. We hope SEAC will open up this debate so scientists can help farmers out of the crisis."



Douglas Hogg: declined to see university work on BSE

Anorexia in children linked to blood flow

Chris Millill

EATING disorder specialists yesterday reacted with caution to research suggesting that some children with anorexia have abnormal blood flow to parts of their brain.

The idea that a physical defect, rather than cultural or genetic factors, can predispose people to eating disorders is controversial. Most specialists admit that the basic causes of the conditions are not known.

Researchers at the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children, London, will tell an international conference on eating disorders in London this week that some children seem to be biologically vulnerable to anorexia.

Consultant psychiatrist Bryan Lask, psychologist Rachel Bryant-Waugh and radiologist Isky Gordon found a reduced blood flow to the anterior temporal lobe of the brain — which regulates appetite — in 16 of 18 children with anorexia, aged eight to 16. On average the bloodflow was 10 per cent less than normal, but in some children it was up to 30 per cent less.

The researchers are themselves cautious about the findings. The abnormality could have been a result of the starvation, rather than the cause of it, although Dr Lask said scans a year later of three girls who had recovered still showed the abnormality.

The doctors said anorexia was likely to be the result of multiple factors, such as genetic traits or family stress. However, if the brain changes were real, treatments might be devised to increase blood-flow to the affected area.

Dr Lask said this area also controlled visual perception, which might explain why anorexics saw themselves as fat when looking in mirrors.

The findings could have immediate implications for sufferers and their families, he said. "Parents get angry and upset, but we can tell them this is a biological condition, like diabetes. Your daughter or son is not being wilful."

Estimates suggest one in 100 girls and young women has anorexia, with the total in put at around 70,000. Janet Freeman, consultant in the eating disorders unit at the Institute of Psychiatry, London, said the study was "another piece in the jigsaw puzzle, but it is going too far to say this is the cause".

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Police drop charge of attempted murder against van driver arrested at Reclaim the Streets party

Violence at dockers' demo

Alan Bellis and Duncan Campbell

POLICE said yesterday they were taking no further action against the man arrested for the attempted murder of a police officer at a demonstration in Trafalgar Square, London.

The event, organised by Reclaim the Streets following a march in support of the Merseyside Dockers, turned into a near riot on Saturday night with violent clashes between police and protesters. The man had allegedly driven a van at 40mph through a police line into the square. The van contained a large sound system which formed the centre of the demonstration. A huge street party with up to 5,000 people dancing in front of the National Gallery.

Police also arrested a man and woman, allegedly in the van's passenger seat, on conspiracy to cause attempted murder. Police have dropped the case against the man but the woman, who was arrested on suspicion of possession of drugs, has been bailed to a date in May.

Reclaim the Streets put on its party as a continuation of the March for Social Justice, organised in support of 500 Liverpool dockers who were sacked 19 months ago for refusing to cross picket lines. About 20,000 people walked from Kennington Park, south London, to Trafalgar Square, following a brass band, bagpipers and union banners.

Some demonstrators decorated the statues, putting a leopard skin scarf round Sir Walter Raleigh's neck and an orange tutu round Viscount Allanbrook's waist. Violence flared first as the march passed Downing Street. Paint, smoke-bombs and bottles were hurled at officers. A man scaled the Downing Street railings while another climbed into the Foreign Office, threw out papers and bared his bottom to applause. The crowd moved on after mounted police blocked the road.

Police, who said they believed that environmental protesters would "hijack" the march, surrounded every entrance to Trafalgar Square. Reclaim the Streets supporters were gathered at the Pall Mall corner when the white van charged into a police line. The crowd ran to surround the van and the police were powerless to stop it entering the square.

There were spasmodic clashes throughout the afternoon. Police were pelted by bottles, cans and later paving stones.

Once the sound system van left in the evening police moved in to remove several thousand people. More than 1,000 police in riot gear, some



A protester swings at police with a club during the trouble which flared as the march went past Downing Street

PHOTOGRAPH: ANDREW TESTA

Disparate protesters who plant trees on motorways and demonstrate for dockers

Alan Bellis

RECLAIM the Streets is the highest profile of a disparate network of "disorganisations" — environmental and civil liberties direct action groups with amorphous structures and varying aims.

It is best known for its impromptu street parties which, since the first in Camden, north London, in 1995, have been held all over the country including Manchester, Brighton, Cambridge and Leeds.

The modus operandi has usually been to block off the road by erecting tripods made from scaffolding. A

sound system is then brought in and police are powerless to move in because of the volume of people dancing.

Until Saturday's event the largest previous action was in July last year when more than 5,000 people invaded Britain's shortest motorway, the M41 in west London. They dug up the fast lane with a pneumatic drill and planted trees in the holes.

Police charged the man whose name was on the receipt for the drill with conspiracy to cause criminal damage, but the charges were dropped.

RTS started as a single-issue campaigning group

against the car. It has since supported protests on a range of environmental and social issues.

Last August, in support of striking Tube workers, 10 activists invaded the offices of London Transport and bicycle-locked themselves to the chairman's window.

As a result Liverpool's sacked dockers contacted RTS. A joint rally in Merseyside was seen to have revitalised the dockers' campaign.

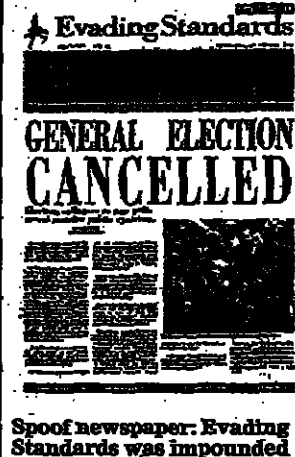
Saturday's march was organised by the dockers' support group, which again asked for RTS participation. Even though RTS organisers did not reveal what they were planning,

they said it had the dockers' full support.

More than 80,000 flyers were distributed, claiming the weekend would be a "two-day festival of resistance". Information was carried by the direct action news media which includes the weekly SchNEWS, leaflet and several websites.

The firmness with which the police intended to deal with the event was evident on Friday when they arrested three activists for incitement to cause affray and highway obstruction.

Police impounded 10,000 copies of Evading Standards, a direct action spoof on the London Evening Standard.



Spook newspaper: Evading Standards was impounded

News in brief

Suicides 'soar due to jail overcrowding'

SUICIDE is becoming an increasing problem in prisons, with deaths tripling over the past decade, according to penal reform campaigners.

Since 1986, 533 prisoners have taken their own lives, according to the report — The Rising Toll of Prison Suicide — produced by the Prison Reform Trust. The total this year is likely to be more than 64, compared with 21 in 1986, it claims. "There is one prison suicide on average every five days," said Stephen Shaw, a spokesman for the trust. "With rising prison numbers and a tight squeeze on resources, there is a real danger that the suicide rate will grow still higher." A lack of resources and overcrowding was responsible for the rise in suicides, he said.

However, Richard Tilt, the director general of the Prison Service, accused pressure groups of ignoring work carried out to prevent suicides. He said: "Every effort is made to minimise deaths of this type and we are having some success. Over the last three years the number of deaths, when measured against the daily population, has decreased slightly."

As part of the Prison Service strategy to reduce suicides, Samaritan volunteers visit prisoners, and there is a "listener" scheme where prisoners are trained to help fellow inmates.

There have been 16 prison suicides already this year, with research showing prisoners are up to seven times more likely to kill themselves than the rest of the population.

Frog behind drug discovery

A SOUTH American tree frog is helping scientists from the University of Leicester, develop a painkiller that may also offer hope to sufferers of Alzheimer's disease. They are copying the molecular structure of a poison secreted from the skin of the brightly coloured tree frog, Epipedobates tricolor. Using the natural substance epibatidine as a starting point they have created designer compounds with enormous medical potential. The work holds out the possibility of producing a painkiller 200 times more powerful than morphine but without the usual side effects. It may also provide an effective treatment for Alzheimer's disease by boosting memory.

Rail miles arrive

A TRAIN company launched the UK's first rail miles offer to its first class passengers today. The points-based loyalty programme called Excel Portfolio is being introduced by Great North Eastern Railway, which runs East-coast services between London and Scotland. For every £10 spent with GNER, customers will be awarded one point.

The rail miles can be used for discount travel on cross-Channel ferries, as well as trains, and theatre tickets. The offer will be restricted to first class passengers — but a spokesman said if it proved popular, it could be extended to other travellers.

Lorraine Flower, marketing and sales director, said: "By offering a points-based loyalty programme we are highlighting our commitment to service and our high regard for our business customers." She said future offers covered by the scheme would include savings on hotel breaks.

Girl dies in crash

AN 11-year-old girl was killed when the car she was travelling in flipped over and landed on its roof. Lindsey O'Brien, of Maryhill, Glasgow, died shortly after the accident on the A77 at Newton Mearns at the weekend. The other rear seat passenger, Anthony Clark, aged seven, of Renfrew, was taken to Yorkhill hospital with a head injury. He is in a stable condition.

The 21-year-old driver of the car and a female passenger, aged 30, were taken to Victoria Infirmary with "slight injuries". Neither has been named.

Eight share lottery jackpot

EIGHT winners shared Saturday's \$6.8 million National Lottery jackpot, netting \$860,189 each. A further 30 ticket holders matched five numbers plus the bonus ball to pick up \$70,860 each. The winning numbers were 9, 37, 27, 44, 42 and 29. The bonus number was 21.

St Paul's cash row

Canon insists that money from US defence contractor is not tainted

Viviek Chaudhary

ST PAUL'S Cathedral yesterday defended its decision to accept \$25,000 sponsorship from a leading United States arms company in return for providing corporate hospitality at a classical concert.

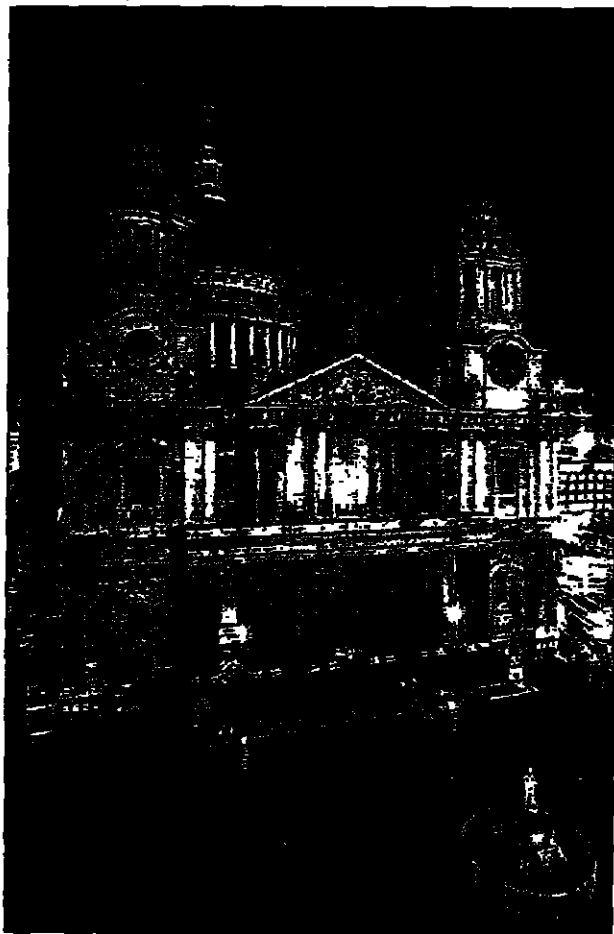
Lockheed Martin, which produces weapons such as Stealth bombers and Trident submarines, and armoured-piercing missiles is paying for a performance of Handel's *Musica for the Royal Fireworks* at St Paul's on July 8 and is entitled to invite other defence contractors and firms it works with as part of the deal.

The Reverend Canon John Halliburton, chair of the concert committee, yesterday defended the Church's decision to accept the money. He said: "Lockheed Martin is a respectable company that produces other things as well as weapons. They are not the kind of people who are sending arms to irresponsible governments. There's nothing underhand about their dealings."

Mr Halliburton said letters were sent to a number of companies asking for sponsorship and that St Paul's would consider accepting money from Lockheed Martin in the future.

He added: "Lockheed Martin have a base in London and they wrote back to us saying that they wanted to do something to help the community. We are not in the business of taking dirty money. The concert is not going to be attended by a mafia of arms suppliers. The company is entitled to invite its business friends and other contacts that it has as part of the deal."

The concert is part of a series of events to mark the centenary of the reopening of St Paul's Cathedral after



St Paul's Cathedral: fireworks over the sponsorship of Handel concert by giant American arms manufacturer

Woman canon, Lucy Winkett, cannot resign because of impending court action

Viviek Chaudhary

AN Anglo-Catholic priest is to seek a judicial review over the appointment of a woman canon at St Paul's Cathedral.

Father Paul Williamson claims that a "loony liberal" leadership led to the appointment of the Rev Lucy Winkett and that it is against church tradition.

Ms Winkett, appointed minor canon in February, said yesterday she would not resign because of the High Court action.

Fr Williamson, vicar of St George's, Havering, Middlesex, said on BBC Radio 4's Sunday programme: "I have nothing against women — I think they're wonderful. The appointment of a woman as canon at St Paul's is simply not possible because the statutes state clearly 'clergyman' and 'he' throughout, from the time of Richard II."

"I believe the Church of England is loved by the majority of people, and they find it distasteful that it is rent asunder by what I can only in charity describe as a loony liberal lot in charge, who are hell bent on spilling the national Church for the people."

Ms Winkett, due to take up her post in September, said: "They have engaged a solicitor, so it is going to go ahead, I suppose, but I am not going to make any comment about it."

Fr Williamson argues that the decision to ordain women is contrary to the Queen's Coronation Oath and the Treaty of Union with Scotland. He has already brought 11 court cases over the issue, running up legal bills of more than \$50,000 for the Church and spending about £10,000 of his own money.

Build-up to riot

- 1pm March leaves Kennington.
- 2.45 Flares thrown over the gates into Downing Street.
- 2.55 Bottles thrown at police guarding Downing Street.
- 3.10 Demonstrator climbs on to railing at Downing Street.
- 3.15 Mounted police move in to break up crowd.
- 3.14 Second demonstrator climbs into Foreign Office, tears curtains down from room and bares bottom.
- 3.15 Police in riot gear deployed across Whitehall.
- 3.21 Mounted police charge.
- 3.40 Police move remaining demonstrators up Whitehall.
- 3.45 Van containing sound system enters Trafalgar Square after breaching police line on Pall Mall East.
- 4.00 Final speeches in Trafalgar Square.
- 4.45 Banner reading "Never Mind the Ballots. Reclaim the Streets" hoisted outside the National Gallery.
- 5.10 Police block north-east corner of Trafalgar Square. Fighting as people who had left square try to re-enter.
- 6.20 Protesters break into square from Duncannon St.
- 7.28 Van with sound system leaves the square. Three people in the front are arrested. Police drive it away. In Fulham they realise some protesters are still in the back and they get out without arrest.
- 7.50 Police in riot gear begin to walk through the square.
- 8.15 Police cover square. 500 protesters left at Northumberland Avenue corner.
- 8.30 Protesters move on to Waterloo Bridge.



Police in riot gear and Reclaim the Streets demonstrators clash as the march from south London to Trafalgar Square reaches the gates of Downing Street

PHOTOGRAPH: ANDREW TESTA

Inquest urged on rave death

Duncan Campbell Crime Correspondent

ACORONER has been asked to hold an inquest into the death of a man who died after a rave party in Putney, south-west London last weekend.

Party-goers have expressed concern about the death of Ian Grant, aged 61, who is understood to have been a BBC employee. He died on April 8 after police raided a party in a disused leisure centre. Party-goers claim the police had told them they had to be out of the premises by 4pm and raided five minutes

after the deadline, when 40 to 50 people were still present. There were 13 arrests for public order and drug offences. Four people have since been charged with public order offences and two with possession of drugs. One was cautioned.

A Scotland Yard spokesman said a post mortem

examination concluded that Mr Grant had died of natural causes. But party-goers wrote to the coroner, Paul Knapman, urging that an inquest be held because of the circumstances of the death.

They are being backed by Inquest, the organisation which campaigns on deaths in police custody.

Handwritten text: "10/10/50"

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are illiterate has increased from 1.2 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to increase to 1.7 billion by the year 2015. The number of illiterate people in the world is expected to increase to 1.7 billion by the year 2015.

RUSSIA's president, Boris Yeltsin, has a heart of gold, hates middle-class and loves to cook — but shares the blame for the fact that millions of Russians' wages have not been paid, his wife says in an interview today.

In a rare public comment, Naina Yeltsina told the German news weekly *Der Spiegel* that her husband was "completely restored" after having heart bypass surgery late last year.

Mrs. Yeltsin said her husband was not above helping out in the house, adding that Mr. Yeltsin also liked to cook. "He does stuff the fish best, better than I do it," — *Reuter, Bonn.*

The electors are not in a mood to vote for extending the privileges enjoyed at the expense of the whole community by a small minority

Roy Hattersley

THE INSIDERS: Two senior politicians standing down at the election take stock of their parties' positions at this stage of the campaign

Labour is playing the wrong tune

Commentary

Tristan Garel-Jones

THE Tory temper after the first week of real campaigning is surprisingly frisky. A tinge of frustration still as impromptu press conferences in the "lotion constituency" push what Tony Benn would call the "ishoes" out of the headlines. But I have to report that the Conservative Party thinks it is fighting for its life. It is fighting to win, and increasingly believes it can do so. Party leaders matter. And Conservatives have been hugely encouraged by the sure-footed competence shown by John Major, contrasted with the smiling evasiveness of Tony Blair. "Eternal smiles his emptiness betray."

The Tories now believe that Blair, and with him his whole edifice, is crumbling under pressure. The tumbling on devolution, the confusion over privatisation, the evasiveness on grammar schools — who knows what might tumble out if you shake hard enough?

As Gore Vidal famously remarked about JFK: "Deep

On the streets the word from the Tory constituencies is that it's all to play for still: core support solid, unprecedented numbers of undecided

Mood can be very effective, but the Tories have to win on issues. So far, whenever a real issue has crept on to the agenda, they have done well

Tristan Garel-Jones

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The Tories, by contrast, have to win on issues. So far, whenever a real issue has crept on to the agenda they have done well.

A Labour press conference on devolution in Scotland manages to upset the whole of Caledonia except George Robertson and Robin Cook, to treat Wales with contempt and to ignore England. Ashdown offers £2.6 billion to the health service; Dorrell counters that the figure is about half the real increase achieved in the last Parliament. Blair says air traffic control might be a candidate for privatisation and a dis- obliging trade unionist produces an embarrassing letter. Issues, issues, issues.

The two stars of the campaign, so far, are Major and Prescott. Major is just plain competent — unobtrusively good at what he does. Prescott looks and sounds good — chunky and tough. And he has a huge advantage from New Labour's point of view: when you look at the text of what he has said, it is incomprehensible.

Out on the streets, the word coming in from Tory constituencies is that it's all to play for still. The main parties will contact more voters in the coming three weeks than all the posters put together over the last five years.

True, there is a discount for over-enthusiasm and bias. But the messages coming to Smith Square say: core support solid, Liberals nowhere, and unprecedented numbers of undecided.

The admirable Sue Windsor of Watford, into whose core I would entrust my life, said: "If you'd asked me to vote Tory a few weeks ago, I'd have said, 'Not a chance'. Now, I just might." It's there the battle will be fought.

Mood or lesser mood can be very effective (it swept in the Tories in 1983). Labour have been very skilful at building up a favourable mood, at least in and around SW1. Most of Fleet Street have bought New Labour shares at the top of the market with Leeson-like abandon. The reputation of the polling industry rides on a substantial Labour win.

It's all right now. Is it? Out there in Watford, Mrs Windsor, and across the country thousands like her, will be banging on about mortgage rates, parental choice, crime figures, privatisation, issues.



Why it's time to go on the offensive

Commentary

Roy Hattersley

THIS IS the week when Labour must go on to the offensive — not just to win a majority that is big enough to guarantee secure five years, but equally to ensure that Tony Blair arrives in Downing Street as a people's choice for best, not least, prime minister.

And fate has provided the party with the ideal opportunity. Later today, Blair speaks about education. If John Macintosh, head of the London Oratory, had wanted to prepare the path for his school's most famous parent, he would not have behaved much differently from the way he did last week.

Mr Macintosh gave an interview to the Sunday Times, in which he said that a Labour government would not be sufficiently generous to grant-maintained schools. What he did not seem to realise was that the electors are not in a mood to vote for extending the privileges enjoyed, at the expense of the whole community, by a small minority. If they were, it would be the Tories who lead the opinion polls by 20-odd points.

To be fair to Mr Macintosh, he gave his interview before he could have seen BBC Television's Saturday night opinion poll analysis. That showed that when the voters were asked about which party offered the best education policy, the Conservatives came a bad third. So much for extending the assisted places scheme to primary schools, a grammar school in every town, and time that could be spent on learning being wasted on testing.

If the BBC is right, the Liberal Democrats' education programme, running second to Labour, is twice as popular as what the Tories have to offer. And the Liberals want to put up our taxes in order to reduce class sizes and employ more teachers. That, as Mr Macintosh made clear in his interview, is not a subject of any general interest to him. He is only concerned with the

'In the debate on education, the people are more progressive than the politicians'

applies; but for a different reason. Either way the pop gun misfires.

Enthusiasts for comprehensive education — who, like me, would have regarded a comment on Tony Blair's decision about his son as unjustifiable impertinence — had only one concern when we read that the Oratory was his choice.

We were afraid that it signalled a significant shift away from Labour's determination to create a unified system of secondary education. And when David Blunkett announced that grant-maintained schools would be given a new name but retain many of their privileges, we feared that the promise to abandon hierarchical education was, at best, being blurred.

It is hard to attend a gathering of teachers without hearing complaints about Labour's reluctance to build a

genuine comprehensive system. I guess that many of those teachers, believing that the Ashdown policy on education is the real radical alternative, have helped to swell the LibDem education opinion poll ratings. Good old Mr Macintosh has helped to restore their faith in the Labour Party.

With or without Mr Macintosh, today's Labour press conference was always going to be interrupted with questions about the school that Tony Blair had chosen for his son. No doubt Peter Hitchens of the Daily Express will be at it again. He has become a moving demonstration of Britain's free press. For whilst he attends one press conference to be unpleasant to the Labour leader, his proprietor sits at the next supporting Labour policy. Unfortunately, up to now, they have never appeared together.

The fascination of the education debate is that the people are more progressive than the politicians. No doubt Tony Blair's assurance that Labour will not go to war with grammar schools goes down well with selective school parents. But as David Blunkett always explains, as an excuse for allowing the continuation of selection in some backward areas of the country, there are not many of them about. If they are not worth bothering about educationally, they can only have a limited political significance.

If Labour policy was based on nothing more elevated than a calculation of votes — a charge I would never make — it would be sensible to be positive about non-selective education.

Electoral interest, not to mention the needs of the country, also demands a demarcation with the teachers. Labour's proposal for national teaching council moves one step towards the creation of a real profession.

Thanks to Mr Macintosh, Tony Blair can make his education speech in exactly the right atmosphere — sympathy for his son, whose school life has been made more difficult by his thoughtless headmaster, and relief that a defender of educational privilege accepts that Labour is not on his side.

Today Labour can demonstrate that it really is different from the Tories. It can go on the offensive and it can end the cynicism.

Wobbling gets set in concrete

Mediawatch: The press

Roy Greenslade

PRESS influence is cumulative. Isolated sensations in one paper or another are usually forgotten. Long-run themes shared by a number of papers are much more likely to have an effect, especially if these set the agenda for broadcasters too.

Even in the short term, if a single motif emerges in virtually every media outlet, then it can take hold. It will be assumed to be correct and very quickly be accepted as fact. So it was with Labour's wobbly week. The story is now indisputable.

What is so fascinating about this supposed reversal of Labour's fortunes, reinforced by the Times' mid-week Mori poll and yesterday's Sunday Telegraph Gallup finding, is the way some papers have reacted. Suddenly it is all right to dust off the hand-me-down phrases of Old Labour's past. The News of the World, which has lived up to its boast of being even-handed thus far, felt able yesterday to talk of Blair as a "one-man band" and raised the spectre of trade union "barons" whose "sinister silence... is deafening".

The Express on Sunday, which had previously given hints of moving towards New Labour, patted John Major on the back. This "doughty campaigner" is "still shining on

the soap box... a likeable, apparently ordinary man talking eye to eye to ordinary people who want to him". On the other hand, it claims Blair is "discomforted by the apparent U-turns over devolution, privatisation and the single currency". Could the insertion of the word "apparent" be a nod to the paper's owner, Labour peer Clive Hollick, suggesting these are not real U-turns?

The Mail on Sunday has been less inhibited about criticising Blair in past weeks. Now it is joining enthusiastically with its daily stablemate in a full-frontal assault. "Blair faces union ambush: Militants give Labour new election nightmare", said the headline. There were two pages inside with a similar message about "Blair's social chapter timebomb" and a leader based on old-style union threats implicit in the Scottish TUC conference agenda.

It was unsurprising to find the Sunday Telegraph picking up a similar theme in a leader page article by Leo McKinstry headlined "The hidden cost of Blair's deal with the unions". But the paper's main lines of fire were on Blair's character — with a full-page focus entitled "The leader becomes a liability" — and Labour's

stance on Europe. A leader about the parties' pledges on European Monetary Union concluded: "Shambolic as the Tories' official European policy has been, the vast majority of Conservatives... will do all they can to obstruct membership."

The Sunday Telegraph's political viewpoint has long been clear and unequivocal, but that of the Sunday Times has been much more difficult to grasp. Yesterday was there for a watershed. Its coverage, in tone, content and presentation, was wholly negative about Labour.

I counted 12 anti-Labour headlines, from the news front page "Blair school head

master to exploit the fact Tony Blair's son is at his school" was way off the mark. No, the interesting fact was the relentless nature of the coverage. Old demons were sprung from the box — trade unions, immigration, tax — along with the new devils: privatisation, policy U-turns and Blair's personality.

Meanwhile, the Tories were virtually unscathed. They escaped with a page two piece about Michael Portillo being "locked in a wrangle over imposing VAT on fuel", and, of course, the Robert Harris column.

The Sunday Times' leader was also laced with innuendo. "A small group is making policy and running it down the throats of the rest before they have a chance to refuse it."

But it did also point out that "Labour's wobbles... have not made much impact on the electorate so far".

There was also a straightforward interview with Blair by Andrew Gice. It was tucked away on a left-hand page, but let's be honest. Blair interviews are so common at present that they do not merit full-page status.

It was interesting to note Blair's irritation at the criticism of his spin-doctors. He contrasted the way in which the advertising men behind Margaret Thatcher were regarded as heroes with the vilification of his own media team. "Today, when Labour runs the most professional show, everyone squeals like mad and says it's terrible and unprincipled."

Only victory, of course, will sanctify them. Ask Charles and Maurice Saatchi.

Why I'll be voting SNP

Labour fills me with despair

Liz Lochhead



IN this election I'm voting SNP because I think they're the best hope for a socialist Scotland. I voted SNP at the last election but before that I had always voted Labour and was a member of the Labour Party. I was amazed to find you can actually not vote Labour and your hand doesn't fall off.

I've lost a lot of faith in the way the Labour Party's been changing. If John Smith was still leader I would still vote Labour, which is paradoxical because he wasn't exactly leftwing. If I lived in England, I might vote Labour.

The current Labour Party fills me with despair. Tony Blair is busy trying to be John Major and telling people to vote Labour because all that will change is the people. I can't see the point of voting Labour in Scotland. They don't seem very interested in a Scottish assembly. When Blair was in Scotland he was

backtracking in a fairly automatic way. I'm not voting SNP because of any xenophobia. I just don't know why anyone would not want a say in their own destiny. I don't see why Scotland can't be its own nation in Europe.

Voting SNP is part of a process towards a socialist Scotland although I've not got any great faith in the present SNP leaders. I don't know who the SNP candidate in my constituency, Glasgow Hillhead, is. The SNP do pussyfoot about. Why can't they talk about republicanism? I'm not afraid of an independent Scotland. I might not be as financially well off but that's not what interests me. There needs to be some change.

I feel incredibly alienated from the present government. The big issue in this election is getting the Tories out. I will be quite pleased if Labour wins.

Liz Lochhead is a playwright.



Disguised as Mr Ordinary Bloke

In the Chancellor's Rushcliffe constituency, politics tend to be suffused by personality, **Matthew Engel reports**
Illustrations: **Lucinda Rogers**

IT'S AMAZING what you see when you haven't brought your catapult. As I turned into Medina Road, West Bridgford, there was the Chancellor of the Exchequer, positioned vulnerably, with his ear pressed to a cable TV junction box, trying to ascertain for the benefit of the old dear across the way whether it did or did not make a horrid noise.

The research was inconclusive. This problem might recur; he may have to go back and have another listen after the election. In the meantime, he was able to conduct a conversation on the mystery of why the cable company should have dug up all the roads in the district without sending any leaflets round trying to get people to buy the service.

And the thing about Kenneth Clarke is that you can imagine him going back. People believe they can talk to him about the troublesome minutiae of life. Would anyone in his constituency expect Michael Portillo to care about such a matter? Or Michael Howard? Or Douglas Hogg? Or Gordon Brown, come to that? But people don't regard Mr Clarke as some grand figure in London. He's just Ken.

His reputation for bluntness, joviality and general lack of pretentiousness constitutes a matchless political asset. It has its disadvantages and its limits, which we will come to. But it is not bogus, and, after 27 years as MP for Rushcliffe, his personality suffuses politics in the constituency.

Most Conservative associations these days are so tight-arsed and defensive that if you walked in and said you thought the Government was wonderful and you wanted to devote every waking minute of the next 17 days to the cause, they would probably assume it was a trick and set the dogs on you. In Rushcliffe the ladies have a smile even for the Guardian.

If British officialdom were less disposed to tinkering and inventing silly names, Rushcliffe would be known as South Nottinghamshire. It begins at the Trent, the southern edge of the city, and finishes at the Ratcliffe-on-Soar power station by the M1. It is mostly rural. But the focus of it is West Bridgford, the well-bred suburb where Nottingham Forest and the cricket club play.

have a Ken Clarke story to tell. A mate of mine saw the Clarks shopping the other week. "Don't be so ridiculous," his wife was telling him, "of course you're going to wear a suit."

And there is a relaxed feel to the campaign. Visiting journalists are welcome to tag along, if they can keep up. Every tinpot LibDem trying to increase his share from 12 to 13 per cent in this election carries a mobile phone, and certainly every back does. The no. 3 man in the Government can't stand phones of any kind. He doesn't have any need to make himself look important.

Yet there is a dazzling place of trickery at work here: he is important and has been for a very long time. Mr Ordinary Bloke is actually the ultimate Conservative apparition.

Four-and-a-half people have broken the record by being in government non-stop since 1979. The last is Tony Newton, who was a whip in Mrs Thatcher's first government, so sort-of counts. Two of them are Sir Patrick Mayhew and Baroness Chalker, who are giving up, whatever happens. That leaves Malcolm Rifkind and Mr Clarke, who have made the long march all the way and hope still to be in place on May 2.

And Mr Clarke became a whip in 1972, when Mr Rifkind was still at the Bar, when John Major had seven more years to do at the bank, and when many of his constituents now voting in their second election were not even born. He has been a front-bencher ever since.

Yet somehow he seems detached from it all. Every political statement he makes has the subtlety learned at the criminal bar.

"I told, I know my client's guilty and you know he's guilty, but I'm paid to pretend to believe he's not, so I'll do the best I can, with no hard feelings either way."

Thus, *Madam Speaker: I know this policy's baloney and everyone else knows it's baloney. But someone's got to do the job, and it might as well be me. So I'm going to do it with conviction. Cor. It's a game, isn't it?*

This approach has been modified somewhat since he became Chancellor. Cause and effect are not easy to disentangle but it has seemed less and less likely that he can ever become Conservative leader, and, simultaneously, he has discovered beliefs, specifically over Europe, that he propounds in a what-the-hell kind of way, as though ambition is slipping away.

It has made him the most widely respected Chancellor since Roy Jenkins. And Jenkins didn't save the election or get the top job either. His artifice is his apparent lack of artifice. Someone recently insisted to me that he dyes his hair. Several



In government since 1979 have been (from left) Kenneth Clarke, Baroness Chalker, Malcolm Rifkind, Tony Newton and Sir Patrick Mayhew. Above: Ratcliffe-on-Soar power station

hours spent with him provided no evidence to support that point. One does, though, begin to get the hang of his methods.

It's not that he isn't naturally affable. But he has a Chancellor's understanding that affability is a finite resource the same as any other, and, at election time, needs to be managed.

He does not waste time or words when he is conversing. "I hope we might get your support." "You might."

He propounds his beliefs in a what-the-hell kind of a way

"That doesn't sound very encouraging." "Well, you won't, actually." (Cheery laugh) "OK, never mind. Hope we'll convince you next time. Bye."

A tyro would have paused and asked "Why?" Clarke was on to the next house, walking far more briskly than a generally built man is expected to do, occasionally even breaking into an inelegant run that

resembles a biplane landing in a force-mine.

But here's the problem. Because he is seen as approachable, voters do like to tell him what's on their mind. That can take longer than 18.5 seconds. And whatever the issue, his fingerprints are on the policy because he has usually been minister for it.

In two days round West Bridgford, and the overgrown villages of East Leake and Sutton Bonington, the same subjects kept recurring: health (been there), schools (done that), crime (remember who was Home Secretary before Howard?), and local government (can't catch him out on that after 27 years).

Older voters often chuck in something about immigration (another Home Office issue), as often happens with people who haven't seen a black face since the last Lenny Henry series, and Europe.

He can't escape these discussions, and he handles them brilliantly. But after a while you can begin to read his body language when a minute or so has passed. It is a bit like one of the games on the radio programme I'm Sorry, I Haven't A Clue. He is looking for the exit line, which will conclude the conversation politely. You sense



him imperceptibly edging backwards. Just now and again the professional mask slips and he really is Honest Ken.

Voter: "I agree with you in Europe. I'm in favour of it." Clarke (clearly surprised): "Well, I wish you could talk to some of my colleagues then."

Tory supporter: "I'm very worried about this election." Clarke: "Well, I'm a bit worried."

Catch him while he is striding between houses, and it is possible to get a little flesh on this. "I don't believe the polls. That would mean we'd be losing a quarter to a third of our support, and that simply isn't happening. But it is difficult."

One of his helpers claimed to have found a direct Lab-Con switcher in East Leake, who was moving over because he thought Blair was a windbag, which makes you wonder what he made of Kin-

nock. But, realistically, Mr Clarke seems to be reading his constituency right. There is movement against him, but it is not on a grand scale. Equally there is no sign yet of anyone starting to scuttle back as the national polls also suggest.

Many people say they like him and not his party, and the implication is that the second point is the clincher. It cannot possibly threaten this seat because Labour and LibDems are close together, and even the Europhobes are not mentioning the Referendum Party candidate.

On one occasion, a county council candidate who was with us shouted out to a friend: "We're going down." I thought a shudder ran through the entire entourage. It turned out he was talking about Nottingham Forest.

When we finished, Mr Clarke went to the pub and then to watch Notts County lose. They're going down, too. He probably needs to get used to the idea of relegation. May 1 could be the end of many things, including the reign of Kenneth Clarke.

He'll be all right. But if he shot off to Brussels or the Bar, we would miss a class act, all the classier for appearing not to be one at all.

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Politics and the social agenda

Hard choices are being ducked

WHO SAYS the parties want to debate issues? Last month the Government produced the most radical pension plan since Lloyd George's People's Budget introduced pensions in 1909. With one stroke, the Conservatives were proposing to withdraw the welfare state's most expensive single programme from future generations. There would be no state pensions except for the poor, unemployed or long-term sick who could make no contributions. Everybody else would be on their own, with not even their private or occupational pension contributions earning tax relief. Not since the welfare state was launched would it have struck so dramatically. Yet since the launch, there has been silence. Moreover, social security is not the only arm of the welfare state where drastic restructuring looks necessary to meet the challenge of the 21st century.

Education, the issue which all three parties want to make their first priority, projects a misleading consensus. Beneath the welcome convergence on the need to raise standards lie fundamental differences. A fifth Conservative government would press ahead with more selection at 11, more opting out, less power for local education authorities. Yet most schools are not clamouring for more powers. Most headteachers have no wish to become more involved with school transport, meals and budgets for children with special needs. A coherent education system requires co-ordination and planning. That is why Labour is right to restore such powers to local education committees. Yet neither major party addresses the looming crisis over funding in schools and even the extra £2 billion raised by the Liberal Democrat income tax increase would not stretch to universities. Indeed higher education is being squeezed as hard as schools with a freeze on student numbers, higher pupil-teacher ratios, and a huge backlog of repairs. Sir Ron Dearing's review of higher education is due by June. With neither major party ready to raise income tax, tuition fees look the only way of preserving standards.

There is a more genuine consensus on health, a consensus which Labour strives hard to deny. Labour talks about abolishing the internal market but the purchaser/provider divide would remain, hospitals would still be autonomous, and many GP fundholders would not be abolished. What would change under Labour — and the Liberal Democrats — is public health policy with a new food safety agency independent of the farming lobby, a welcome ban on tobacco advertising, and new Health of the Nation targets which recognise the impact of poverty, unemployment and poor housing. All major parties duck the politically unpopular need to produce an explicit rationing scheme for health resources and none is yet ready to embrace the obvious solution to the withdrawal of long-term nursing beds from NHS hospitals: a compulsory comprehensive insurance scheme for all.

No issue has been more widely debated with so little public enlightenment as law and order. There is an ominous consensus between the main parties which poses a serious threat to civil liberties. It was the Liberal Democrats, not Labour, who led the fight against both the excessive extension of police powers and the introduction of automatic mandatory sentences. Jack Straw has foolishly tried to be as hardline as Michael Howard. No one should take comfort from Straw replacing Howard. Prison doesn't work. Of course it's necessary, but the widespread damage it wreaks needs to be recognised along with the funds it absorbs. A prison population, which rose from 40,000 to 60,000 in four years, is projected to rise to 75,000 in the next eight. If the Crime (Sentences) Act is implemented, add another 10,000. Say 20 more prisons at £300 million each and 35,000 extra inmates at an extra £1 billion a year in running costs. All this from two major parties which want to freeze spending.

The Conservative spending programmes do not add up. They have slashed the annual rise in spending — to meet rising demand — to one fifth of the average of the last 18 years: a mere 0.4 per cent. Yet Labour intends to stick to this programme for the first two years and is committed to no further income tax rises for the next five. No party in such a straightjacket can meet the urgent needs facing headteachers, housing administrators and health managers, let alone tackle the stark inequalities which have emerged over the last two decades. Labour is right to make welfare-to-work a priority but exaggerates the savings which the programme will generate. An effective programme will not be cheap. It has been far too pusillanimous over redistribution, even fudging the one programme which would really help the poor: boosting child benefits post 16 but restricting them to low income families with children in education. A "radical" party would not leave the debate about changing the welfare state to the Tories. Take pensions: one option would be to adopt the Australian approach and apply means tests to top earners rather than the bottom: the better-off you are, the less basic pension you get. At the top, there would be none. The detail is not important but a debate about principles is vital. The first goal must remain how best to protect those on modest incomes and the poor.

Voices of the people

Giving the election back to the voters

AN election ought to be a climactic democratic moment, but this one has been more anti-climax than climax so far. The campaign is totally professionalised, but it disappoints many voters, who complain that their concerns are neglected and that the party argument is sterile. Those who believe that our democracy can do better than that have responded with initiatives whose ambitious aim is to give the election back to the people. We start one of these experiments this morning. The Guardian's "voices of the voter" surveys are intended to dig further than conventional opinion polls allow, and then, in constituency meetings, to enable citizens to take their concerns to the politicians. On April 22, we will support Charter 88's innovative "democracy day" initiatives in hundreds of constituencies. These too are motivated by the belief that politicians must not be allowed to control the election so tightly. Both exercises share the aim of wanting an election to be a richer democratic experience than the parties wish to provide. This is neither a media agenda, nor a party agenda. But it could be a citizens' agenda.

Drought...



Letters to the Editor

Taxing inquiries on Mr Hamilton

AFTER reading the letter by P. Higgins (April 10) I telephoned 25 tax offices and asked each what would happen if they discovered that a person had claimed tax relief against free air tickets. All said yes, technically it is fraud and that action could, in theory, be taken. But the general impression was that if the person admitted the offence without (them) being pressured, the authorities would more than likely simply demand that the tax be repaid. There were two schools of thought. One was that an independently-minded inspector might want to make an example of Hamilton; the other was that, under pressure from Central Office, he would receive a slap on the wrist because he would be considered to have suffered enough. Tony Collins, 499 Rayleigh Road, Benfleet Essex SS7 3TL.

I'm afraid that Neil Hamilton and his wife are confusing basic truth with a legal definition. The word "guilty" defines a condition that applies to the perpetrator of a crime even if the crime has not been detected; the legal terms "guilty" and "innocent" describe the outcome of a trial. The expression "innocent until proven guilty" is a tenet of our legal system, not a basic fact of life. That other Hamilton, Thomas, of Dunblane infamy, is "innocent" in the legal sense as he was never brought to court. Would anyone claim that he was also "innocent" in the true sense of the word? A Williams, 2a Duke Street, Whitby YO21 2PF.

DRIVING into Knutsford, in the Tatton constituency, I noticed that the car in front had a large, used brown envelope taped to the back window. It carried the message: Vote for Neil Hamilton, a man of honour. Is there someone out there with a large supply of brown envelopes for sale which they have no further use?

Bill Courtney, 17 Vale Road, Altrincham, Cheshire WA15 7TG.

SHOULD the Social Chapter not include a clause giving us all one day off a week from election news and broadcasts? Martin C Jenkins, 37 Ecclestone, Lancs OL16 3UN.

Endpiece

Roy Hattersley

A COUPLE of weeks ago, I wrote an Endpiece which I assumed would cause great offence to a member of the Shadow Cabinet. It contained a question which was intended to illustrate the class divisions which still scar our society. I asked, rhetorically, if my old colleague believed that she would have enjoyed the same success had she been stolen from her Wimpole Street cradle by gypsies and exchanged with an infant from the back streets of what was then my constituency. The then victim of my assault seems to have survived the experience unscathed. But Dr T. A. Acton, Reader in Roman Studies in the University of Greenwich, was outraged. His complaint was that I gave credence to the libel that gypsies go about abducting children. Let me make clear that Dr Acton really exists. He is not a character from a Tom Sharpe

What women want

WHY is it that almost all male politicians seem to treat women with such indifference? (Failing to woo women's votes, April 11). We constitute 52 per cent of the voters, and so we are old — women will determine the outcome of the election. You would think they would try to raise issues that matter to us. We want more than toothpaste smiles, careful hairdos and simplified language. We want policies that will make our lives easier and our income equal with men.

Where are the debates about equalising pensions for women, the costs of childcare, the rights of part-time workers, the feminisation of poverty? Do these questions really boil down to whether we sign up to the Social Chapter? And where are the women representing our views in debates in the media? Margaret Beckett has appeared on Channel 4 and Margaret Thatcher on all news bulletins, but should we be able to count these appearances on the fingers of one hand? No wonder women feel disillusioned. (Dr) Elizabeth Mapstone, Tintagel, Cornwall PL34 0BE.

Virus check

RECENT figures published by the Public Health Laboratory Service do not demonstrate that hepatitis B is increasing in this country (Letters, April 10). On the contrary, they clearly show that the carriage rate of this infection amongst children is very low and similar to rates found by other investigators over the years. It is only those who are carriers of hepatitis B that are at risk of long-term problems such as hepatocellular carcinoma. Most of the small number of infected children found in our study were not carriers and had probably acquired the infection before coming to this country. Universal infant immunisation would not prevent such cases nor protect the new-born who are the group most vulnerable. Maternal screening is essential to protect these babies. (Dr) Elizabeth Miller, (Dr) Philip Mortimer, Public Health Laboratory Service, 51 Colindale Avenue, London NW9 6EQ.

It was too late to explain the joke by reference to some of my best friends — despite the underlying truth that the explanation would have contained. By then, the Greenwich Reader had committed our correspondence to the Internet.

When I received that startling news, I thought for a moment of moonlit camp-sites where the talk around the flickering fires was always of the super-information highway. But wanting to avoid the sin of stereotyping, I began to examine the flood of responses which Dr Acton's initiative had provoked. Gypsy support groups and Romany fan clubs

had written to me from all over the civilised world and Texas. The Texan letter came from Ian Hancock, who described himself as Representative to the UN and Union of the Romany People. As I read Mr Hancock's e-mail, I wondered if, from time to time, he also signed his correspondence Supreme Ruler of the Universe and Elvis Presley's Representative on Earth. Certainly those claims would not have been more bizarre than his assertion that "your own Members of Parliament have, in recent years, called for Britain's Romany population to be herded into the sea and to be exterminated, a word chillingly reminiscent of Hitler's racist policies in Nazi Germany." Accompanying articles suggested that Mr Hancock teaches at the University of Texas in Austin. I began to think that I had always sympathised with the wrong side at the Alamo.

It was the academic pretensions of my assailants that made me realise that my real complaint against them was not the preposterous importance which they attached to an aside, but their colossal ig-

norance. Unfortunately, I had compounded it to my original rejection of the racist charge by suggesting that gypsies and cradles are a recurring theme in English literature. My defence was only partly admissible. Gypsies have no reason to thank Edgar Wallace or Conan Doyle. But if you move up a shelf in the quality bookcase, they do rather well.

The truth penetrated my skull when I thought of Mr Hancock's academic standards and Dr Acton's job title. They are both gypsy scholars. Have they, I wondered, ever read The Scholar-Gypsy? Marjorie Pryor's poem — based on an old Oxford legend — is the story of a poor student who, despairing of gaining preferment in a class-ridden university, went off to roam the country with the gypsies. His new friends were positively arcanian in their preference for the nobility of nature over the selfish materialism of modern civilisation. When Arnold wrote Thyrsis, his threnody for Arthur Hugh Clough, he returned to the theme. Why faintest thou? I wondered till I died / Rove on! The light we sought is

Books do furnish a land

AROUND 20 per cent of Welsh people are bilingual. There are Welsh language bookshops in all the main towns in Wales; branches of Dilys and Waterstone's in Wales also have Welsh-language sections. Why does this upset Stephen Moss (Big in ... Swansea, Friday Review, April 11)? Does he think that having Flemish and French bookshops in Belgium, or Catalan and Castilian bookshops in Catalonia is "pretty stupid" and "pretty stupid too"? What about French and English bookshops in Montreal, or

German, French and Italian bookshops in Swiss cities? The world is far more bi- or multi-lingual than Stephen Moss seems to imagine. Eurof Thomas, 9 St Mary's Gardens, London SE11 4UD.

WHEN there is no work, industry is relying on foreign companies, and half the schools are falling to pieces, Wales is shitty. This could be said for many pre-industrial areas across Britain, not just Wales. Heledd Ffyt, Talybont Ceredigion.

gaze satisfactorily for a given time, eg two years, she would automatically take over that mortgage irrespective of her income. This would avoid the extra costs the incurs for solicitors' bills, removals, new fittings and fittings, as well as the trauma for the children in moving house and schools and coping with the loss of their dad.

If the woman is working, she has a bill of thousands of pounds from Legal Aid plus interest, which is currently 8 per cent; if her ex-husband refuses to pay maintenance she has no interest on that money — if she ever receives it. Surely it would make economic sense to scrap such legal aid bills in an attempt to help her keep her job because all parties claim they will invest in putting such women back to work.

Is there any working mother out there who has received a penny through a Child Support Agency? Outstanding maintenance should be treated in the same way as any other debt and be recoverable through the courts. Sylvia Parsons, 109 Heron Drive, Lenton, Nottingham NG7 2DG.

A Country Life

THE LAKE DISTRICT: Since the extended M5 replaced the Shap Fells road in 1970 and the main highway into Scotland, the lonely valleys and ridges to the west of the old road have become for some of us an even more attractive area. Although these ridges culminate in Grey Crag or Harrop Pike, the most easily accessible of these outcrops into the Lake District is hardly typical Lakeland country for there are few crags, farms or woodlands and no spectacular summits. But the views, especially to the east and south, of the North Pennines and the Yorkshire hills and, in the distance, the sparkling waters of Morecambe Bay, are remarkably extensive, and there is a spaciousness about the panorama with its vast open spaces, rarely seen from the popular Lakeland fells. These valleys and ridges are mostly untracked and, although I have bumped into deer there on several occasions, I don't think I've ever encountered another walker. Perhaps the

THE editor of Horse and Hound (Letters, April 12) informs us that "a large proportion" of the deer that have to run the gauntlet of the hounds do so having previously suffered the trauma of being injured in road accidents and wounded by snares and gunshot. If that does not confirm the case for humane culling by experienced marksmen, I don't know what does. Peter Horton, Grosvener Gardens, Enby, Leeds LS17.

HAVE no sympathy for the villagers of Eborac who claim that their livelihoods and communities will be wrecked. The Tory government has ruined thousands of lives and wrecked many other communities over the last 18 years by forcing the closure of mining and other industries. Sooner or later hunting will be banned because the general public will no longer tolerate this abhorrent activity. Like many others, the people of Eborac will have to respond to the free-market economy that has been so admirably cultivated by the Tories — and refrain. Alison Hayward, Reading, Berks.

Country Life

least interesting ridge — rather tussocky and boggy — is that of Robin Hood and Lord's Seat, rising above the Westmorland Borrowdale, but there is a better round of the adjoining Westmorland Wadale, going over Great Yarlside and passing the ruined farmstead of Wadale Head. Easily the most rewarding of these outings into lonely country is the circumnavigation of the hidden valley of Bannisdale using two of the ridges — a round trip of either 12 or 14 miles depending upon whether or not you include Grey Crag. There is nothing strenuous about the walking but the distances may seem tiring and reasonable weather should be chosen, and map and compass carried. For this is really lonely, almost desolate, country with no cairns to guide — or confuse — you and no scattered litter to indicate civilisation. But how wonderful to walk on grass again after the increasingly stony ways of the real Lakeland. A HARRY GRIFFIN

The open road leads only to the Internet

Endpiece

Roy Hattersley

novel, nor is the subject of his academic speciality the invention of Peter Simple. Indeed, nothing of the slightest humorous nature could ever be associated with his life and work. I truly told him that I had initially hypothesised that the imaginary kidnapping was the work of "fairies", a suggestion which I feared might provoke equally silly complaints. Dr Acton wrote back to tell me that "fairies" do not exist. It was too late to explain the joke by reference to some of my best friends — despite the underlying truth that the explanation would have contained. By then, the Greenwich Reader had committed our correspondence to the Internet.

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shining still! Doth thou ask now? These still crowns the hill! Our Scholar travels yet the loved hillsides. The Gypsy had become the sign of hope and the symbol of redemption. Not Mr Hancock and Dr Acton will agree, an uncompromising role.

When I read Gerhart's remarkable You leading lady confessed, "You, and you alone, bring out the gypsy in me," she was not being self-critical. And it is serious literature, as well as popular lyrics, which uses the word as a synonym for free spirit. Lavengro (subtitled The Scholar, The Gypsy, The Priest) described the picturesque joys of moving on. In its sequel, Romney Rye (confusingly translated from the Romany language as Gypsy Gettismen), George Borrow pursued the same rural idyll. Masfield's urge to go down to the sea again was prompted by the desire to renew "the vagrant gypsy life." I saw in Masfield an opera in which a one-legged gypsy princess raised an army and saved European civilisation from the onrush of barbarism. I shall not describe how she did it in any great detail, in case I am accused of

prejudice against monopolies, princesses and barbarians.

I doubt if the Acton-Hancock axis will believe me, but when I hear either of the words which describe the subject of their academic study and recipients of their sympathy and protection, I feel a warm glow. No doubt it dates back to Children's Hour and "Out with Romany." How do they think that I learned to follow a hedges' tracks? Say "gypsy" and I think of highly-decorated caravans, horses nibbling at hawthorn hedges and bacon frying over open fires. It may be sentimental, but it is certainly not an antagonistic reaction. Nor is it any more patronising than unsolicited defence against imaginary assailants. I remember the Romany delegation arriving at the parliament building in Bucharest when I was part of the Harvard University team which "monitored" Romania's first free election. They said that all they wanted from the new democratic government was to be left alone. It seemed an admirable ambition. I wonder how real gypsies feel about the attentions of Acton and Hancock.

Hail Murdoch, the rugby union trier

Commentary

Peter Preston

I may seem an odd time to praise Mr Rupert Murdoch and some of his works. It may seem even odder to hail ferocious market competition and the power of brute cash as they wipe away the last remnants of British ways and British tradition. But there is, week after week, no time like the pulsating present. Rupert has made rugby union football a different game. He has also made it brilliantly better.

We could start a few days ago at Loftus Road as Wasps

(heading for the Courage League title) came back from the dead against Bath to draw in the final seconds. Or on Saturday as Bath, in a wave of devastating attacks, took Leicester to the cleaners. There are so many terrific sides — Gloucester, Sale, Harlequins — in the League. Nothing is over until it's over. The season, the club season, boils with passion and excitement. It is also the one thing you thought rugby could never be: a consistently thrilling spectacle.

I grew up with rugby. A school near Leicester which played it automatically: long, cold, muddy afternoons on the touchline. Occasional trips to the Tigers and a three-quarters deserted Welford Road; annual pilgrimages to the Barbarians on Boxing Day, a treat because the starry visitors came to throw the ball around a bit, not hoof it into the stand.

You could see, then, how it might be exciting. I remember Tony O'Reilly — auditioning for Ben Hur — in full cry, pumping half the pitch, red curls bouncing as he tore past suddenly slow, suddenly frail little men. I remember, at university and then at Twickenham, watching Richard Sharry swerve majestically through lines of defence.

Yet such excitement was fleeting, almost grudging. An accidental by-product. The game, international apart, wasn't there for spectators. They came on sufferance: wives with Thermos flasks, sweethearts with chapped lips and woolly hats, retired stalwarts in blazers and duffel coats. I sat with them Saturday after Saturday at Blundells or St Helens, the delandor in the squirt of the stand, trying to find something interesting to say. Oh mother, it's Preston Grasshoppers again.

There was always some interest. Which punting pack would blow up first? Which fly half could work the touchline best? Which three-quarter line would drop the most passes? Which winger would ever get a sniff of the ball? But the enjoyment, eyes shining in the hot bath or the crowded bar after the game, was essentially internalised. It was the players who got the kicks.

You couldn't expect too much of them. After all, they were marketing executives or policemen having a weekend run-out and booze-up. They weren't getting paid. They weren't remotely expected to entertain anyone. And — since most routine encounters were friendlies to a rote — there was nothing at stake. It was a ridiculous waste. It began, slowly, to break down. They entered, at last, the sphere of Rupert, amongst much fear and loathing. He knew (from Australia and New Zealand) that rugby could be more than sweaty involution. He knew, from the number of TV hands who switched on internationals, that there was a sleeping giant with a subscription hook.

Now we have leagues, bitterly contested, where every scrum and line-out, every cup, and European cups beginning to grip the imagination. We have an end to the imbecile divide between Union amateurs and League gentlemen, so that the best of two worlds

is instantly available. But most vital of all, at top club level, we have players who are properly fit, properly motivated — and determined to succeed by entertaining. The change is too recent to allow old pro, soccer-style, just to pick up a pay cheque. There's a hunger, a determination to swell the stands and build a financial base which endures.

Murdoch credit where credit is due. Here — as in rugby league — he's seen a possibility, and turned it into inevitability. The BBC had rugby union in its national pocket for decades and never did an original thing with it. The apex was the Five Nations, with Nigel Starmers McLaren doing the same old turn from the same old box with the same old camera angles. Club rugby was potted lowlights on BBC2 after Sunday tea. It seemed, essentially, a sleepy show for fellows who'd been playing the afternoon before. It brought nothing to the party.

Sky rings up the curtain on the day. There's a deal of help from the changing rules — especially at the line-out — which have made crablike scrum crawls and boots into touch the way not to win matches. But cash has brought a new energy to the game. The cash and the cream of French rugby to London. Cash and glory has made the Courage League something worth fighting for.

Do I, reared on rugby, regret any of this? Impossible to feel the slightest pang of regret. The handling on Saturday was magically precise on both sides. When Bath, as a team, tore at Leicester in the second half, shredding them, you had 15 men high on adrenalin operating in a way that even soccer can't often match. Playing and memorably taking part.

We can all put down our Murdoch markers and wring our hands. But, merely by paying for a few more cameras and inviting a little imagination, he's set a standard for cricket coverage. Merely by digging rugby league out of its old pit, he's given a sport which was going nowhere fresh vitality. And club rugby union, for the moment, is a revelation, a burning of blazers, a bonfire of scarves arched in the bottle-straw bar.

Is that a cruel break with the game's roots, a ghastly guarantee of selfishness and greed? Maybe. The zest of the new may not last. But if I were back on the school line, I'd know that the boys in the mud had seen what excellence made possible and aspired to it. The basic health of aspiration. That may not be what we want for the school line. But why kick a great gift horse in the teeth? Perhaps, as Tony Blair may one day say, we should give him Wimbledon too.

Not in front of the children's hour

Ros Coward



MOST LIBERALS have

laughed off the Daily Mail's fuss about LWT's teenage sex education programme, Love Bites. It is ludicrous to imagine that Blue Peter viewers will become raging nymphomaniacs overnight just on hearing the word foreplay. But many parents, while not believing that TV is out to steal their children's innocence, are privately uneasy about the appropriateness of some material on TV. Most have noticed how frequently and explicitly sexual subjects now make up the story lines of programmes aimed at young teenagers. It is also impossible to miss the general level of hype surrounding the presentation of adolescent sexuality.

You don't have to be Lynda Lee-Potter or Freud to agree that showing sexual images to very young children is inappropriate. For this age group, these images can be very confusing. Sometimes they can be stimulating. If they also suggest violence and loss of control of bodily functions, it can be frightening for children who are only just developing a proper sense of their own bodies. The problems for adolescents are different, centring on whether premature exposure to more complex adult practices and situations is an unwelcome intrusion.

In the past the nine o'clock watershed has guaranteed that children and young adolescents will not see anything deemed too adult. This hands parents the responsibility to decide about their child's degree of readiness for more explicit programmes. But these boundaries are becoming increasingly ambiguous. Love Bites, shown on Saturdays at midnight, appears to breach the watershed. However, its images of sex are so metaphorical that any small children watching are likely to think that oral sex is eating ice creams and that orgasms happen on Firework Night.

If there is a problem, it's not explicitness. But the endless hyping up of sex as "fun" and experimentation. This could constitute pressure for girls in particular, especially if David Baddiel pops up saying that what makes a good lover is a woman who is prepared to do anything he wants. Post-modern irony perhaps, but if girls are still growing up with rather passive expectations of sexuality the emphasis on experimentation may be internalised as having to go along with whatever men want.

Love Bites, though, has one

very good reason for being so relentlessly "fun" oriented. Most TV sex is not fun, particularly the kind that has been creeping into early evening TV. This is where the real undermining of the watershed has occurred. Programmes drawing large audiences of adolescents and younger adults are increasingly preoccupied with explicitly sexual relationships. And in its last annual report, the Broadcasting Standards Council noted a consistent rise in complaints about the suitability of pre-watershed viewing.

The soaps are not the primary concern, in spite of all the snogging, teenage pregnancies and gay relationships. They tend to examine these cases from multiple moral viewpoints and follow the stories over time. More worrying are single dramas such as The Bill, which, for dramatic reasons, concentrate on the exceptional and the perverse. Scheduled at the peak viewing time for young teenagers, it has a very partial view of society and police work. An episode I watched with a 12-year-old focused on a homicide murder. He began by using prostitutes because he enjoyed hurting women. Then, finding it so arousing, he started killing systematically.

Any crime story tackling sexual subjects will inevitably deal with its grim aspects. But The Bill specialises in unresolved stories, taking place in a virtually hermetic world of cops and criminals. The arrest is all, the resolution of the moral and social problems is at best confined to a shrug.

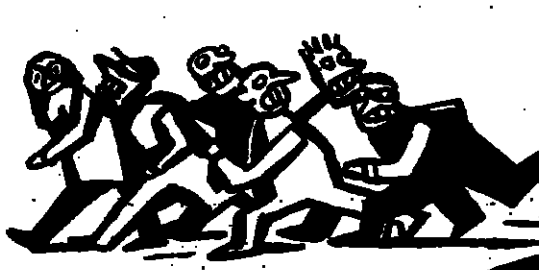
THERE'S something about the immediacy of such drama, of its stimulating images, which, when used to entertain, feels like titillation. It gives young adolescents access to disturbing and perverse adult fantasies perhaps before their own first sexual experiences. No wonder Love Bites is so desperate to emphasise that sex is fun.

No one seems to know what affect graphic representations of violent sexuality have on their young audience; whether it disturbs them, arouses them or just goes over their heads. Academic departments are full of research into the effects of violence but sex is a taboo. Nor do psychiatrists have any degree of consensus on the matter. Some say children heard worse in the playground, others that it was "unethical" because it opened up potential areas of distress for children.

Perhaps this lacuna is the result of collective embarrassment: the whole issue confronts us with our own sensitivities, fears and anxieties about sex. TV may be in responsible hands, simply following social conventions. But it may be that some cynical producers are introducing fashionably taboo-breaking material which could be confusing or distressing. Unless we are prepared to discuss it, we'll never know.

Apple corps

William Bratton, the man behind New York's successful zero tolerance campaign which cut its crime rate by 37 per cent in three years, believes cops can reclaim control of a city



NEW YORK City, which only three years ago had a reputation as "crime capital of the world" is now one of the safest cities in the world. How did this quick turnaround happen? Blame it on the police. The New York Police Department is principally responsible for the dramatic, continuing crime decline over the past three years, the crime rate has dropped 37 per cent. The homicide rate has plummeted by over half.

The cover of Time magazine calling NYC "The Rotten Apple" characterised the frustration in 1990. When I first arrived from Boston in 1990, as the new chief of the city's Transit Police Department, I remember driving from LaGuardia Airport into Manhattan. Graffiti, burned-out cars and trash seemed to be everywhere, like something out of a futuristic movie. As you entered Manhattan, you met the unofficial greeter for the city: the squeegee pest. Welcome to NYC. This guy had a dirty rag or squeegee and was knocking your window with dirty liquid and ask for or demand money. Proceed down Fifth Avenue, between designer stores and famous buildings — with unlicensed street pedlars and beggars everywhere.

Then down into the subway where, every day, over 300,000 fare-evaders jumped turnstiles, stole tickets and demanded paying passengers hand over their fare tokens. Beggars were on every train. Every platform had a cardboard city where the homeless had taken up residence.

This city had stopped caring about itself. There was a sense of a society that allowed things that would not have been permitted before. The city had lost control and was the epitome of what Senator Daniel Moynihan had described as "defining social deviancy down" — explaining away bad behaviour instead of correcting it.

In 1990, Mayor David Dinkins and the City Council realised something had to be done and hired 7,000 more police. It was a start, but more was needed. When I became Police Commissioner in January 1994, aware of this deficiency, I re-engineered the NYPD so it significantly contributed to the crime reduction and quality-of-life improvement that continues.

Like many private organisations, the NYPD wasn't living up to its potential. Re-engineering needs clear-cut goals to be set, restructuring of the organisation to meet those goals, and maximum involve-

ment of department personnel and outside expertise. We created 12 re-engineering teams in training equipment and technology. We cut through the centralised, hierarchical bureaucracy and returned the focus of crime prevention and disorder reduction to police in the precincts. We decentralised policing, pushing responsibility and accountability down not to the inexperienced beat cop, but to the precinct commander level. We really had 76 miniature police departments. They had to apply themselves to the quality of life and signs of crime, as well as serious crime.

Over two years, the police developed control strategies for drugs, guns, youth crime, vehicle theft, corruption, traffic, domestic violence and quality-of-life crime. We created a system of computer statistics to measure the success of our goals, and examined it twice a week in the department war room. And since precinct commanders could decide how best to use beat officers, they developed their own strategies for local problems. I also made sure that commanding officers were in charge of their personnel and assignments, giving them the authority to put together a plan to attack crime in their precinct.

There were other reforms: to encourage officers to seek out drug arrests — previously thought too much at risk of corruption because of the cash involved. I trusted detectives to use computer systems previously denied them for fear that they would jeopardise the integrity of other investigations. During my tenure, violent crime fell by 38, and murders by 51, per cent.

EVEN today there are sceptics. Some are criminal justice researchers, others political pundits. The cite theories about the fall in crime rates but don't mention the most significant change: better, smarter, and more assertive policing in partnership with the criminal justice system and the community: community policing. To them I say the crime rate did not fall because of the weather or changing socio-demographic trends or because of changes in the economy.

The decline may have been affected by higher prison incarceration rates, but the drop has been so precipitous so quickly that the traditional causes of crime, or what we believe to have been the main causes of crime increases or reductions, don't apply.

In January 1997 all the young kids did not suddenly become old. All criminals did not suddenly march into jail. 1996 was one of the mildest winters in NYC history. 1994 was one of the worst. Crime went down dramatically in both years so forget the weather. Murder is not a crime that can be covered up or over-reported and our murder rate has gone down because of the success of the new geographically-based, rather than functionally-based, drug reduction strategies in Brooklyn North and upper Manhattan, the police can have an impact on even long-standing crime problems.

The NYPD, or any successful police organisation, cannot solve all problems or all crimes. But they should be recognised for what they can do and how well they are doing it today. Fair is fair. We should boast of the gains when crime goes up. Give us some of the credit when it goes down and stays down as I predict it will in the city. The good news is if you can make it in New York City, you can make it anywhere.

William Bratton became Police Commissioner of the NYPD in 1994. He is now vice-chairman of a Boston-based financial-services company. He expands on this argument in Zero Tolerance (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$29, out today).

He is crying out for politicians who will concentrate on their concerns rather than slugging off their opponents. I firmly believe that victory will go to the party which presents the most believable programme for achieving a prosperous, fairer and more united country. That is what Labour is offering and that is why we will keep sticking to our positive message to give both the election campaign and the country a fresh start.

Peter Mandelson is Labour's election campaign manager

I'D RATHER COINED ON A BOMB SCARE.

Nobody loves you when you're nearly out

Peter Mandelson responds to claims that the Tories are doing better and Labour's campaign is slipping

RAN into a journalist at the end of last week fresh from Conservative Central Office. "It's like a wash machine in there," he said. "They're all leaving the sinking ship, trying to get jobs in the real world while they still have a chance. They know the game's up." So much for the Tory recovery.

Despite their broad grins at press conferences, the Tories are right to be despondent. We are halfway through the campaign. Despite all the pressures, our poll lead has held and the Tory campaign has failed to break through. Some Tories, presently among the "don't knows", will go back to supporting the party because that's where their allegiance is. When they do, the Tories will trumpet a great recovery in their fortunes. But they will gloss over the truth that the "recovery" will come not from floating voters switching to the Tories, but from

wavering Tories deciding to stay in the fold? At this point, the campaign will turn really nasty.

If anyone thinks Tony Blair has been treated badly so far, they (and he) should hold on tight, because we are all in for a much rougher ride. Every misrepresentation, abuse and distortion of Blair's record as a Labour minister will be thrown at Labour. And as usual, the really unpleasant stuff will be left for sympathetic newspapers to pick up so that John Major can distance himself from the negative campaigning which the public loathes.

The public, particularly women in the key marginal seats, hate the Tories' campaign, because they see it as backbiting and desperate. And this is polluting the whole campaign. An estimated 60 per cent of the public view the campaign negatively and are turning away from broadcasts,

which they see as a daily dogfight between parties. There are really two elections going on: the media bore which few are taking notice of — and the real election with people making up their mind on their experiences and their impressions, especially of the two main party leaders.

Labour's job is to focus hard on people's lives and positive impressions of our message and campaign. The public would be more engaged if the media took a deeper interest in the real issues of the election. My abiding memory of the 1987 campaign was shipping two dozen journalists up the Thames in a boat from which they could not escape to drive home the implications of the proposed community charge. It subsequently brought down Margaret Thatcher, but there wasn't a flicker of interest on that boat.

The broadcasters' simplistic tit-for-tat coverage is

playing into Tory hands. John Major's maxim for this election is if you can't beat them, bring them down to your level. Nobody trusts the Tories — so let's destroy trust in everyone else as well. Fortunately, the Tories are still seen as positively dishonest and untrustworthy.

Major's soapbox routine has failed to impress voters this time because "Honest" John now has a record of dishonesty. His broken promises have caught up with him. People are not giving him the benefit of the doubt. And he has given the public no positive reason to re-elect the Tories. His negative campaign concedes that Labour is likely to get in and fails to inspire anyone to give the Tories another five years.

The Tories will spend the coming days attempting to re-run their U-turn strategy of last week. Never mind the feeble evidence this thesis is based on. On

devolution, there is no conflict between creating a Scottish parliament and sovereignty continuing to reside at Westminster; or that Labour's income tax rate pledge will apply throughout the UK.

Trade unions say they want fairness not favours from a Labour government. We have no ideological attachment to nationalisation and public ownership; we judge questions of ownership case by case in the public interest. Realising that the Tories are about to leave the public finances appealingly weakened, Gordon Brown has, rightly, argued we will not make promises we cannot deliver.

The Tories' campaign is driven by the desire to spread fear among the voters. Labour's seeks to give people hope that Britain can be better and that their lives can be improved. Our task in the rest of the campaign is to stop hope being driven out by fear. The pub-

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Audrey Harvey

Champion of the poor

IN HER 1960 Fabian pamphlet, *Casualties of the Welfare State*, Audrey Harvey, who has died aged 85, wrote with characteristic modesty: "I am not an expert on any aspect of the welfare state, but merely a worker in it."

At a time when the study of social policy was dominated by LSE academics, Audrey was a different kind of expert, whose knowledge was based on daily observation of the ways in which social services tried and too often failed to meet the needs of working-class families.

After 10 years of boarding-school education and reading English at Oxford, Audrey spent the war years in a variety of occupations consistent with her pacifist convictions, including voluntary work in one of the newly created Citizens Advice Bureaux. She became a paid CAB worker in 1955, remaining at the Poplar bureau in East London until 1968. Her approach to CAB work was ahead of its time, involving not just information and advice-giving but committed advocacy.

Equally unorthodox at the time was the way she used her clients' experiences in a series

of influential articles and pamphlets on housing, social security and other subjects — forerunners of the invaluable research reports published by the National Association of CABs.

The most harrowing situations she encountered were those resulting from bad housing and homelessness. One of her earliest journalistic efforts was an article in the *New Statesman* in 1957, on the treatment of homeless families.

She saw how social services were failing the working class

ilies, which was also the main theme of *Casualties of the Welfare State*. As always, she wanted not only to highlight the problems but to offer practical help to the victims. *Turn of Mind*, published in 1964 as a Penguin Special, was a detailed guide to the legal or illegal abuses practised by private landlords and the remedies available to tenants.

At about the same time, she

introduced Jeremy Sandford to the London County Council's accommodation for the homeless at the Newington Lodge ex-workhouse, and advised him on the TV drama-documentary *Cathy Come Home* — the most effective appeal to the public conscience that television has ever produced.

In the mid-1960s she was among the founding members of the Child Poverty Action Group. Her detailed knowledge of the defects of the benefit system made a vital contribution to the group's effectiveness. In the first issue of the CPAG magazine, *Poverty*, one of her CAB clients, a mother of nine children, movingly described what Christmas meant to a large family living on national assistance.

Over the years, Audrey did a great deal of teaching. Public speeches and lectures were not her style, but she enjoyed conducting seminars and training courses on housing law and welfare rights, in which her experience as an adviser was combined with a knowledge of the law that few qualified lawyers could have matched. Those occasions will be remembered with gratitude by thousands of CAB, Shelter



Active service... Audrey Harvey was more interested in action than research

and other advice centre workers, social workers, housing officers, university students and others.

From 1972, after less than two happy years as the first director of CPAG's Citizens' Rights Office, she concentrated again on housing issues, mainly in projects sponsored by Shelter, including reports on tied cottages and rent arrears. Always

more interested in action than in pure research, she became an independent lay advocate for local authority tenants in county court eviction proceedings.

The concept of retirement had no meaning for Audrey. At the age of 84, she was still tapping away on an elderly electric typewriter whose growing infirmity matched her own. Perhaps it was a sign

of maturity that her interests now included the rights of old people in nursing homes, but her wider concern for the poor, the powerless and the rootless never waned. Unlike many single-minded campaigners, Audrey was a delightful conversationalist, though her conversation was appreciated most by those who shared her enthusiasms. Her very happy marriage to her second husband, the osteopath Ronald Harvey, would have reached its 50th anniversary later this year. They had one daughter, Ann, five grandchildren and five great-grandchildren, to whom she was devoted.

Tony Lyness

Audrey Harvey, charity worker, born March 3, 1912; died April 10, 1997.

Ellen Pollock

Shavian lisp service

ELLEN POLLOCK, "the actress with the lisp" who has died aged 84, was perhaps better known for her association with George Bernard Shaw than for anything else. However, her long career in the theatre spanned more than 70 years and, having a versatile mind, she was forever trying out fresh theatrical ideas to put before the public.

She never had any formal training but, after an appearance as a page in *Romeo and Juliet* at the Everyman, Hampstead, in 1920, she seemed to pick up work without much difficulty, touring here and abroad (Australia and South Africa) in the 1920s. She met Shaw at the Malvern Festival in the first production of *Too True to Be Good* (she played the nurse, Sweetie), became friends and he sent her scores of two-line postcards — and she became an ardent admirer of him and his works.

She started as a minor Shavian figure but became well known for helping to propagate his writings and giving talks about GBS, as well as appearing in his plays (for Shaw's centenary in 1966, she directed and played the lead in *Mrs Warren's Profession* at the Royal Court). She was president of the Shaw Society from 1948 until her death.

The best portrayal I saw her in was years ago, not in Shaw but as a saucy French lady's maid in a 1930s farce, *Her First Affair*, at the Duke of York's in the West End. It was not a leading role but in my view the young Ellen Pollock, full of quirky naughtiness, was the hit of the show. Looking back, it was certainly superior to much of the Whitehall farce which came



Pollock... range of quirky versatility

after the war. Later, with her penchant for horror, she ran Grand Guignol seasons of plays in the London suburbs and occasionally at a little auditorium (about as big as the top of a bus) in Irving Street, Leicester Square, where audiences reputedly succumbed to fainting fits from ghoulish productions.

Ellen married twice. Her first husband was an army officer, killed in the second world war. Her second husband was the portrait painter James Proudfoot. He once painted my late wife, the actress Joan Miller, in her dressing room at Her Majesty's Theatre between matinee and evening performances. As he painted, he consumed his famous beverage, a potent mixture of sherry and gin. This was certainly done without Ellen's knowledge because, being a Christian Scientist, she disapproved of alcohol.

In later life she also served on a bric-a-brac stall (which she ran with one of her sisters) in a Chelsea antique market, where she enjoyed another sort of audience.

Peter Cotes

Ellen Clara Pollock, actress, born June 29, 1902; died March 29, 1997.

Dr Anthony Hopkins

Hitting the nerve centre

THE advance of Anthony Hopkins, who has died aged 59, through the echelons of medicine, from clinical neurologist to adviser to the World Health Organisation, was remarkable. Never previously an establishment figure, he was rapidly beginning to play a significant role on the difficult stage variously inhabited by government and health care administration, patients and the medical profession.

His early work gave little warning of the change ahead. His intellectual capabilities and honesty were never in doubt, and while still at medical student at Guy's, he published distinguished contributions to the understanding of disorders of the peripheral nerves in the *Journal of Physiology*. This was the result of his early training and research under Roger Gillatt at Queen Square, and a year in the US at the Mayo Foundation. He became resident medical officer at Queen Square, but the expected advance to a consultant post there did not materialise, marking a watershed in his intellectual interests.

Rather than inquiring into expected realities within a nerve fibre, he examined instances of dissonance between expectation and reality, at both a physiological and a clinical level.

In 1972 he became consultant neurologist at St Bartholomew's Hospital, London, at a time when Barthelemy was in the process of assimilating talent and style explosion of the nineties.

At dinner parties, the hot topic is teeth. People are saying that dentistry is the new rock'n'roll and that flossing is the cocaine of the nineties. For decades, the British have had a reputation for bad teeth. Americans have looked at the likes of Janet

ness that if work was fun, then fruitful collaboration and effort would follow. Links were forged to provide a neurological service to five district general hospitals, illustrating the hub-and-spoke network 20 years before the phrase became common currency.

At the same time, Hopkins began to explore his new theme, the interface between expectation and reality. He began with a physiological paradigm, examining the pre-programmed muscle activity that occurs during falling and stepping. This work showed that if expectation was tricked by misinformation about the real height of a fall or step, inappropriate muscle responses and a clumsy landing resulted.

In the clinical arena, a similar interface, between the expectations and assumptions of doctors and the clinical reality presented by patients' problems, became the subject of a series of inquiries which persisted until his death. These studies conducted with sociologists, at a time when multidisciplinary research by neurologists was unusual, explored patients' and doctors' contrasting perceptions and experience of epilepsy, and subsequently headache. Both areas of work led to a series of papers and later books relating to each topic.

Crucially, Hopkins was able to collaborate with and advise a phalanx of working groups in the Department of Health and NIS Executive, the King's Fund and CASP. Consulting the medical royal colleges and the Patients' Association and National Consumer Council, on a variety of topics relating to the organisation of some



The modern approach... Dr Anthony Hopkins

This interest in the effectiveness and appropriateness of medical interventions and policy issues relating to how health professionals (notably speech therapists) work, led to his appointment in 1988 as director of the research unit at the Royal College of Physicians. There, his tact and firmness resulted in the effective partnership of key figures in different clinical areas. This generated a series of studies aimed at improving outcome measures and health care delivery and a series of short books describing some of the issues relating to an evidence-based health service.

Crucially, Hopkins was able to collaborate with and advise a phalanx of working groups in the Department of Health and NIS Executive, the King's Fund and CASP. Consulting the medical royal colleges and the Patients' Association and National Consumer Council, on a variety of topics relating to the organisation of some

specialist services both in the UK and abroad.

In 1988, his *Clinical Neurology: A Modern Approach* was described by reviewers as "a tour de force" and "a treasure of well organised chapters", illustrating his ability to focus a topic. Meanwhile he had learned to temper his astuteness and develop his ability both to discern and allow different points of view. As a result, his opinion, long valued by his family, friends and colleagues, was being sought increasingly by those who previously might have found his views disconcerting.

His sudden death, robs his wife, Elizabeth, and their three sons of his wise, supportive counsel and a developing arena in British medicine of one of its most astute players.

Richard Greenwood

Dr Anthony Hopkins, clinical neurologist, born October 15, 1937; died March 6, 1997.

Laxmishanker Pathak

The spice of life

A SEDUCTIVE series of TV advertisements, using languorous Roland Joffé scenes to market bottles of chutney and spices, only recently brought national attention to Laxmishanker Pathak, who has died aged 72. But the name — and fairytale story of hard graft leading to multi-million pound success — had long been known in British retailing, where Laxmi the Curry King held sway over Asian speciality food supply.

His triumph only came after decades of corner shop toil, setbacks which left him close to bankruptcy, and such humiliations as being offered a drain-cleaning job by Canadian council when he arrived as a refugee from the Mao Mao insurgency in Kenya. He was known in an entirely separate capacity in his native India, where he led bribery charges last year against the reforming prime minister Narasimha Rao.

A template for the British "Asian tiger", Pathak was born in India but was taken as a child to Kenya, where the family immersed themselves in trading, traditional role of Indians in British east Africa. The growth of nationalism, however, undermined their early success in the sweet and spice trade and in 1956 Pathak, then aged 32, took his own young family to London with capital of just £25.

His wife Shanta, according to family tradition, refused to

allow him to accept the drain-cleaning job. Instead, the family worked 18 hours a day on a kitchen-table revival of their sweet and spice business, initially serving friends from Africa in a similar straitened position.

A shop followed, but in the mid-sixties a series of perilous distribution deals ended expansion and brought over-stretched accounts and potential bankruptcy. Just in time, African nationalism again intervened, this time to Laxmi's lasting benefit.

The arrival of thousands of refugees from Uganda's Idi Amin led Pathak to bid for the contract to supply refugees camps in Britain, work which he fulfilled conscientiously, printing useful guides to British habits. As many of the refugees began to make good, they repaid Pathak's efficient and generous work with orders for their fledgling business; by the mid-seventies, when Laxmi handed over control to his son Kirit, the oldest of four boys and four girls, and daughter-in-law Meena, a food technology graduate, the firm was well on the way to supplying pickles, chapatis and other ingredients to more than 7,000 Indian restaurants in Britain and thousands more in 40 other countries.

Kirit, educated at a London convent school which started his parents by supplying an Irish accent from the nuns, led the company's expansion, although his father retained a

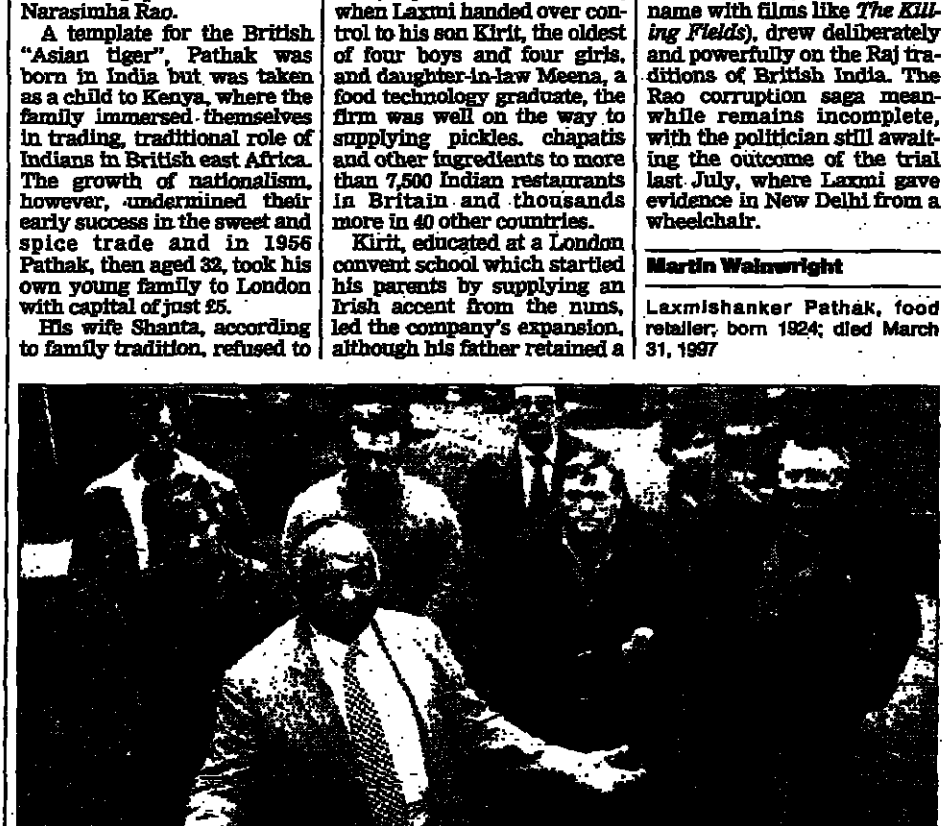
strong interest. The firm relocated to Wigan in 1978, to take advantage of the North-west's damp climate and its benefits for spice storage; and Laxmi became noted philanthropist in the Manchester area.

A devout Hindu, Laxmi set up the Pathak Charitable Foundation, donating millions of pounds to health and education problems in both India and Britain. His concern to bridge the cultural divide between the two countries was reflected in Pathak's marketing policy, which emphasised many of the ingredients in a manner pioneered by the industry's previously dominant player, Sharwood's.

Laxmi and Kirit were even prepared to drop the "L" from the company's name to make pronunciation easier for British customers; and the TV ads, made after much persuasion of Joffé (who made his name with films like *The Killing Fields*), drew deliberately and powerfully on the Raj traditions of British India. The Rao corruption saga meanwhile remains incomplete, with the politician still awaiting the outcome of the trial last July, where Laxmi gave evidence in New Delhi from a wheelchair.

Martin Walkerwright

Laxmishanker Pathak, food retailer, born 1924; died March 31, 1997.



Loyalty... Pathak with workers he sacked during a downturn, who nonetheless backed him

Birthdays

Gerry Anderson, film producer, director and writer, 68; Dr Brian Bartram, consultant, 53; Sir Patrick Brown, permanent secretary, Department of Transport, 67; Julie Christie, actress, 57; Susan Davies,

photographer, 64; Sir John Gielgud CH, actor, 83; Valerie Hobson, former actress, 80; Rt Rev Dr David Hope, Archbishop of York, 57; Loretta Lynn, country singer, 62; Caroline Marland, managing di-

rector, the Guardian and Observer, 51; Rev Abel Muzorewa, Zimbabwean churchman, 72; Prof John Newton, gynaecologist, 58; Marisa Phillips, president, Mental Health Review Tribunal, 62;

Prof John Roberts, actor, 62; Rod Stelger, actor, 72; Baroness (Elizabeth) Symons, former trades union leader, 46; Baroness Warnock, former mistress, Girton College, Cambridge, 73.

Jackdaw



Big smile now

WHAT is it that makes modern-day London so swinging and cool Britannia so hot? Is it Brit-Pop, Brit-Art and Brit-Fashion? Not anymore.

Today, there's a new group of movers and shakers in town. They are at the cutting edge of the most exciting cultural and style explosion of the nineties.

At dinner parties, the hot topic is teeth. People are saying that dentistry is the new rock'n'roll and that flossing is the cocaine of the nineties. For decades, the British have had a reputation for bad teeth. Americans have looked at the likes of Janet

Street-Porter and sniggered: they've sat in our draughty NHS waiting rooms and wept.

But now we've got something to smile about. The dudes of British dentistry are creating ultra stylish waiting rooms and providing patients with pain-distracting pleasures, from pop videos to trips into virtual reality.

The dentists that are turning the drilling experience into a thrilling room, Punch.

Not so nice

THE Spice Girls might be getting all the erect media attention with their assault on promotional culture... but it's the Nice Girls who seem more sinister. The Nice Girls are probably more ambitious than Spice Girls, even more Thatcherite in their narrow zealous determination to get on. But Nice Girls' ambition just eats itself up and produces more mousy nice, creepy, dull TV. The Spice Girls' ambition goes out into the world and eats up dullness. It might

replace it with White Trash and right ordinary vulgarity but at least we've learnt these past few years' trash and vulgarity eats up dullness anyway. And — QED! — the very last thing we need spreading through our TV screens at the end of the century is an invasion of contrived niceness. Trash is truth. Niceness is a lie.

Which brings me, easily enough to Andrea Turner. *Esquire* on the irritating invasion of those nice but dim television presenters.

Class act

A MINISTER of Education and three months of benign dictatorship: during which all teachers, including those higher beings employed at Eton, Harrow and Winchester, would be required to sit an oral exam set by extremely elderly Oxford and Cambridge dons. Products of two-year training colleges, mostly staffing state schools, to be dismissed instantly and sent, at government expense, to psychiatric clinics where their unwitting support of

the class system and its alienating effect on the youth of the nation would be brought home to them.

A three-month ban on everything on television save Newsnight and round-the-clock showings of reworked soaps. To ensure maximum viewing, current story lines to continue infiltrated with subtle messages. For example, the Drackworth lodger, who claims she's had Terry's baby, to be observed breast feeding. A nipple might have to be shown, which may cause outrage since the Street comes out at an hour when most three-year-olds are clustered around the box sucking on their bottles. Jack Duckworth, clearly seen to be holding a copy of the Guardian discarded by Carly, should read out an article on the benefits of mother's milk in a voice suggestive of Harold Macmillan. After a few weeks, all of us will be talking "proper" and class barriers will fall.

The Manifesto according to Beryl Bainbridge, in the *New Statesman*.

Sex symbols

CURVY, squashy, spiky — tie me up, tie me down — what turns us on is as wide (or narrow) as the human imagination, and these days we're not allowed to forget it. Never mind that the act itself has become fraught with risk and regulation; our cars — even our toothbrush hand-dies, dammit — now heave with someone else's sexual symbolism, even if it's not ours.

GG marvels on the lack of difference between sex and shopping, as shown in the *Power of Erotic Design* exhibition at the Design Museum, London.

Good God

TRY to get to the church on time. On entering turn off your mobile phone. While crossing yourself with holy water don't drip any on the floor. Don't kneel when the others in the congregation are standing. And don't stand when they are kneeling. If you have a noisy child do bring a dummy and sweets to stuff

into his mouth. Don't tear pages from the Mass book and make paper boats with them. Don't read a romantic novel during the homily. Don't put out of date coins in the collection plate. Don't queue jump in the line for the Holy Communion.

As whom are these hints on etiquette directed? Not at English, middle-class agnostic parents, taking up church-going in the hope of securing their children's future.



Sex at every turn... GG

places in church schools. No, they were seen in a 64-page booklet published in *Tu-in* and *petulant* titled *A few good manners wouldn't go amiss in church either*. Found in *The Tablet*, International Catholic Weekly.

Urchin about

THE ultimate in "must have" luxury food in this country could soon be sea urchins. They already cost far more than lobster in Japan, France and Spain, where there is an insatiable demand for their roe. Sea urchins seem to grow better when attached to Scottish salmon farms than in the wild, and the further possibilities of this polyculture — farming one thing as a by-product of another — are being investigated by the Government's Dunstaffnage Marine Laboratory near Oban in Argyll.

Goodbye lobster, hello urchin according to Country Life.

Slippery joke

JAPAN has contributed much to our civilisation. It's

because of this nation that we can listen to music while we jog and sleep safe in the knowledge that the world is not in danger of being taken over by whales.

But the signs are that they are beginning to find themselves strapped for useful ideas. Proof may be found in the entrance to any shopping mall in Tokyo where, on rainy days, machines dispense clear plastic sheaths for customers to fit over their umbrellas, lest any drips dampen their nice shoes.

When this happens here, as it surely will, the only answer is an organised boycott; otherwise we'll all end up buying our groceries wearing slippers. A sure sign that life is getting far too complicated, as reported in *Men's Health*.

Jackdaw wants your jewels. E-mail jackdaw@guardian.co.uk; fax 0171-713 4366; write Jackdaw, The Guardian, 119 Farringdon Road, London EC1R 3ER.

Hannah Pool

15/04/1997

Monday April 14 1997

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Homes should last as long as the pyramids, this page
Tomorrow: the appetite for fast-food franchising

Financial Editor: Alex Brummer
Telephone: 0171-239-9610
Fax: 0171-833-4456

FinanceGuardian

The Co-op's profits slump

Paul Murphy

THE scale of the task facing the Co-operative movement as it attempts to fend off a corporate predator has become clearer as it emerged that year-end figures to be published today will show a slump in profits.

Results from the Co-op Wholesale Societies will show the surplus before taxation — taking in the movement's businesses from funerals to farming but excluding banking and insurance — has more than halved over the past year to just £14 million.

The full accounts suggest that the Co-op is barely profitable, despite turning over more than £3 billion last year. The group's core food-retailing businesses may actually be losing money.

The leaking of the documents will re-ignite worries that several senior and disaffected managers are trying to break up the group.

The accounts also reveal details of executive pay at the CWS, with outgoing chief executive David Skinner getting a 15 per cent pay rise to just under £380,000 last year, despite the slump in profits.

Three other executives earned between £205,000 and

£250,000, including new chief executive Graham Melmoth. The total cost of the seven-strong management rose to £1.48 million, from £1.23 million a year earlier.

Meanwhile, a redundancy programme cost £9 million during the year. The CWS saw staff costs grow by 2 per cent during the same period on a head-count down by 800 to 34,600.

Some members and employees report a state of crisis within the movement as the CWS tries to deflect an extraordinary approach from a 32-year-old entrepreneur.

Andrew Regan, to buy huge chunks of the Co-op group.

Mr Regan, together with a group of off-shore financiers, controls an investment trust, Lanica, and has set up an associate company, Galileo, to launch his assault.

There was speculation over the weekend that Mr Regan may make his move ahead of the election.

The CWS has so far refused to consider Mr Regan's proposals. The Co-op's City advisers, led by SBC Warburg, have mounted a blistering attack on Lanica, describing it as a "flood with boot-strap financing".

But senior managers within the Co-op movement concede that change is inevitable.

"There is immense tension, even on the board itself. There are punch-ups going on all over the place," one said yesterday.

SBC Warburg is known to be working on a valuation of both the individual Co-op businesses and the movement as a whole, and there is a widespread belief that Mr Melmoth will announce some sort of strategic review.

The Co-op's advisers point out that even if there are proposals, they will be carried out through an orderly auction. "There will be no panic sales to structures like this," one said, referring directly to the Lanica/Galileo entity.

Mr Regan is known to have tabled rough proposals to Mr Melmoth in February which envisaged transferring unwanted assets to a new company which, in turn, could issue shares and distribute these to both corporate and individual members.

This provoked a rash of "carpetbagger" applications, with individuals handing over £1 for membership in the hope of a windfall payout. But the CWS indicated it would vet these applications, and in any case under Mr Regan's initial proposals, it is thought that any payments to individual members would have been restricted by date.

Economics Notebook

Tory time-bombs ticking for Labour



Victor Keegan

TONY Blair has given Thatcherism a state pardon and hopes to succeed by managing capitalism more successfully and more humanely than the Conservatives. He may not have to wait more than a couple of weeks before he faces decisions which could make or break Labour's economic success.

Mr Blair's inheritance may still look enviable compared with the collapsing economies bequeathed to Labour by previous Conservative governments. But enviable does not mean good. There are three time-bombs ticking in the economy, and one of them — the dangerous over-valuation of the pound — needs instant defusing.

One of the main reasons for the steady economic revival Britain has been experiencing is that since the pound was ejected from Europe's exchange rate mechanism in 1992, our manufacturers have been able to sell more goods abroad and be more competitive against imports in the home market. But since last August, the Government has allowed sterling to rise by almost 15 per cent compared with other major currencies and over 22 per cent against the Deutschmark.

This is bliss if you are going on holiday — the pound buys 20 per cent more French francs than it did last summer — but a death sentence if you are an exporter.

Although manufacturing represents barely 20 per cent of the economy these days (a shrinkage for which Thatcherism bears a big responsibility), it is still vitally important. The exchange rate is one of the few areas where the Government has real power over the economy, because if it raises interest rates, other things being equal, international money will flow into the country, exerting upward pressure on the exchange rate. One of the reasons the pound is so strong at the moment is that interest rates are much higher in the UK than in Germany or France. If the Government wanted to douse the rise in sterling, it could drop interest rates.

IT WILL not do so because of the election, and it suits the Government to keep the pound high to exert a downward pressure on inflation (at the cost of a balance of payments deficit later). Some use this cynical control of the exchange rate as an argument for an independent central bank which would take monetary policy out of Whitehall's control. The catch is that the Bank of England, left to itself, would raise rather than lower rates, so the pound would soar even higher.

This is vitally important, because in a few weeks' time, a Labour party out of office

for 19 years and devoid of hands-on experience would face immediate pressure from the Bank of England — and probably the Treasury — to raise rates in order to cool the economy and dampen down inflationary pressures.

Gordon Brown should resist, at all costs. The reason is simple: the root problem at the moment is not a resurgence of inflation, of which there is no sign (the recent rise in earnings was triggered by higher overtime and bonus payments, rather than increases in basic wage rates). The problem is an imbalance in which spending is surging ahead — even before building society bonuses are paid — while investment is restrained and exports falling.

Which brings us to the second ticking time-bomb: the fiscal deficit. Labour has pledged itself to keep in the Conservatives' spending plans for at least the next two years, despite the fact that the near-freeze on spending planned by the Conservatives is an unrealistic bit of pre-electoral wish-fulfillment. As the Institute for Fiscal Studies pointed out, the average rise in public spending under the Conservatives (who, remember, hate public spending) is 1.9 per cent a year. Labour will inherit an atmosphere of increased expectations in the public sector.

So forget about freezing spending. If Labour merely restrains imports to 1.9 per cent (when the economy as a whole could be growing at 2.5 per cent), then in terms of historical precedent, it would be doing very well indeed.

BUT, as the IFS stated last week, growth of 1.9 per cent would lead to extra spending of £24 billion by the end of the next Parliament, which will inflate the borrowing requirement to supra-Maastricht levels unless something is done to prevent it.

The phrase "unless something is done" is, of course, a euphemism for the strategy that dare not speak its name — a tightening of fiscal policy or an increase in taxation.

The truth is that to both restrain the current spending boom and bring the budget deficit down to a sustainable level now privatisation receipts are running out, there is a pressing need to raise taxes. This applies to whichever party wins the election. It is nothing to do with dogma or anything else except fiscal prudence.

And the third time-bomb? This one cannot be blamed on the Conservatives. To their credit, they are doing more than most other governments to cure it, but not enough. It is the expected cost, revised upwards last week to a colossal £21 billion of converting computers so that they do not go bananas when their two-digit clocks tick over at midnight on January 1, 2000, thinking it is 1900 or some other date. Eighty per cent of computers have not yet done anything about it. Unless they do, there could be a chain reaction across the world which would cause economic chaos. Whoever said that governing the country was going to be fun?

Fed chairman backs more self-regulation

Mark Miller
Deputy Financial Editor

AERICAN banks should be allowed a greater role in their own regulation as market mechanisms take over from often outmoded government controls, according to the Federal Reserve board chairman, Alan Greenspan.

New technology is playing an increasingly important role in the way banks conduct their affairs, according to Mr Greenspan, whose role as Fed chairman makes him arguably America's most important banker.

"As we move into a new century, the market-stabilising private regulatory forces should gradually displace many cumbersome, increasingly ineffective government structures," Mr Greenspan said at the weekend.

Banking supervision globally is becoming a complex subject. The greater use of more sophisticated products, such as derivatives, makes risk exposure calculations ever more difficult, while their expansion into areas such as securities trading is bringing different regulatory demands. In the UK, for example, the Bank of England is looking at adopting a more tailored approach, running a

light regulatory regime for banks perceived to be operating in low-risk areas but beefing up supervision for banks with greater risk exposure.

In the United States, new technology is already breaking down the barriers to interstate banking and combinations of commercial and investment banks.

"The rapidly changing technology that is rendering much government bank regulation irrelevant also bids fair to undercut regulatory efforts in a much wider segment of our economy," the Fed chairman said.

The reason, he explained, was that regulation was inherently conservative and sought to preserve the status quo, while the creation of wealth necessarily required risk-taking.

"With technological change clearly accelerating, existing regulatory structures are being bypassed, freeing market forces to enhance wealth creation and economic growth."

America's federal deposit insurance system and the role of the Fed as a lender of last resort had contributed to the stability of the country's financial position, he said. But he added that the existing regulatory framework was not foolproof, and allowed institutions to take unwise risks.



An Englishman's home is his ancient monument... Demolition and replacement is so slow that new houses like those above will have to be around for more than 5,000 years, like the pyramids and Stonehenge, left

Euro banker investigated

Mark Miller
Deputy Financial Editor

THE European Bank for Reconstruction and Development (EBRD) confirmed that it carried out an investigation into the conduct of one of its senior officials just before he left the bank at the end of last year.

The inquiry, carried out by the bank's internal auditors and controllers, focused on the use of bank services and facilities, including travel, telephone and computer services. The bank said that the executive involved, Manfred Abelein, had reimbursed the bank for weekend trips and that about £8,000 had been deducted from his entitlements.

It added that the EBRD was still in discussion with Mr Abelein over details relating to the termination of his contract. This is understood to relate to his pension entitlement.

According to the EBRD, the

investigation began in late November, five weeks before Mr Abelein's contract with the bank was due to expire, after some areas of concern were brought to the attention of senior bank officials.

"We take these matters very seriously. The bank has been extremely rigorous in conducting its investigation," Mr Abelein could not be contacted for comment yesterday.

The revelations came at an embarrassing time for the EBRD, which was set up by western governments to provide loans and equity finance to central and eastern Europe after the collapse of the old Soviet bloc and which is currently hosting its sixth annual meeting in London.

It will inevitably revive memories of the bank's earlier reputation for profligacy under its first president, Jacques Attali, and one which his successor, Jacques de Larosiere, has worked hard to overcome.

Rebuilding figures suggest homes must last as long as pyramids

James Molkie
Community Affairs Editor

NEW homes would have to last as long as the pyramids or Stonehenge if the present low rates of demolition and replacement continued, experts said yesterday.

They reported a huge drop in the annual replacement of old properties from 81,000 25 years ago to 8,000 now.

Demolition has fallen so low in England and Wales that new homes would theoretically have to stand for 5,600 years before being replaced and half that time in other parts of Britain.

The report, by Professor Philip Leather and Tanya Morrison of South Bank University, London, says more than 1.6 million homes — one in 14 — are unfit for habitation, and a large minority of other homes need urgent repairs. In England, one in five requires at least £1,000 of remedial work, one in 10

Scottish homes need repairs over £3,000 and a quarter in Northern Ireland need more than £5,000.

Many homes unfit for occupation are unoccupied, but high proportions of privately rented accommodation are in poor condition, said the report, published by the Joseph Rowntree Foundation. Converted flats and terraced homes are most likely to need repair.

Home improvement grants have fallen rapidly in recent years, and renovation work on council estates in the 1990s has been nearly three times that in the private sector.

Prof Leather said: "The country's housing stock is ageing, and in older dwellings especially there is a constant need for investment."

Market braced for Dow fallout

Tony May

SHARE prices in London are likely to get off to a nervous start today in the wake of Wall Street's sharp fall on Friday night.

The near 120-point plunge in the Dow Jones Industrial average, which was driven down by signs of inflationary pressures within the domestic economy, took the main US index below 6,400 for the first time this year, and could wipe up to 50 points off the

FTSE 100 in early trading.

On the corporate side, House of Fraser analysts will be looking to see if John Coleman, the new chief executive, has cleared the way for a recovery in profits.

The results for 1996 will show a mere 2 per cent rise in profit to £14.5 million, but that will include exceptional costs of £40 million to £50 million, already flagged in January. Back then, the group planned to axe around 1,000 jobs and sell three stores. House of Fraser has performed poorly since the Fayed brothers, owners of Harrods, floated the company.

News in brief

Men hit hardest by flexibility

Men have been the main victims of the Government's flexible labour market policies and suffer increasingly from job insecurity and unemployment, Labour claimed yesterday.

The party's employment spokesman, Peter Hain, said that since John Major became Prime Minister in 1990, 1,800 men have lost their livelihood every day.

The official labour market survey shows 1.1 million fewer male full-time workers than in 1980, while the number of men working part time has jumped by 44 per cent to 1.2 million. Nearly a third of these part-time workers want full time jobs.

Insurance inquiry

The Serious Fraud Office has confirmed it is helping Belgian authorities in their investigation of an alleged multi-million pound fraud on London's insurance market. "It is one of our mutual legal assistance cases and was started in March," the SFO said.

Skill shortage fear

Inflation could be pushed higher by the shortage of skilled workers, according to The London Chambers of Commerce. Employers were being forced to pay higher wages to attract and keep key staff. About 60 per cent of companies in the London area had difficulties recruiting workers, with 85 per cent of white-collar firms finding it hard to recruit managers.

Zero tolerance anathema to tax man

Finance 'Rambos' make few friends, reports HELENA SMITH in Athens

GREECE's latest attempt to crack down on the national sport of tax evasion has come up against an unlikely opponent in the form of the tax man.

Along with the country's growing group of customs officers, tax collectors say the newly-formed Finance Police has been invested with too many powers. Such is the force about the new "Rambos", both have threatened to be "non-cooperative" when it comes to ensuring doggers.

There are murmurs that the 1,800-person body — also known as the "Incorrupti-

bles" — is taking its job far too seriously. Instead of being lapped up, traditional dodger pay-offs are being scorned.

The Finance Police — whose 24-hour remit includes inspections of ports, airports, shops and nightclubs — hit the streets last week. "You must monitor both small and big fish," urged hard-line Economy Minister Yiannos Papanastasiou on the eve of the squad's first mission. "Don't spare anyone."

On the advice of US experts, brought in from the Internal Revenue Service to modernise Greece's antiquated tax system, the "Rambos" have been endowed with the latest

state-of-the-art equipment. All armed, they have begun prowling the skies, land and seas for smugglers in helicopters, bullet-proof vehicles and high-speed launches.

The government, which is faced with huge budget deficits, says it has "100 per cent faith" in the force. But not even it is taking any chances.

"Honesty cannot be inherited, nor can it be bought," says the body's special secretary, Giorgos Kanellopoulos. "We will undoubtedly have inherited some men who are not used to 'clean' work, so we've introduced certain internal control measures which will very quickly reveal who they are. Since everyone's protesting, it must mean we've been successful."

estimates suggest that rampant fiscal fraud robs Europe's poorest economy of nearly 40 per cent of its gross domestic product. Buying off the taxman has become a popular way of eluding the net.

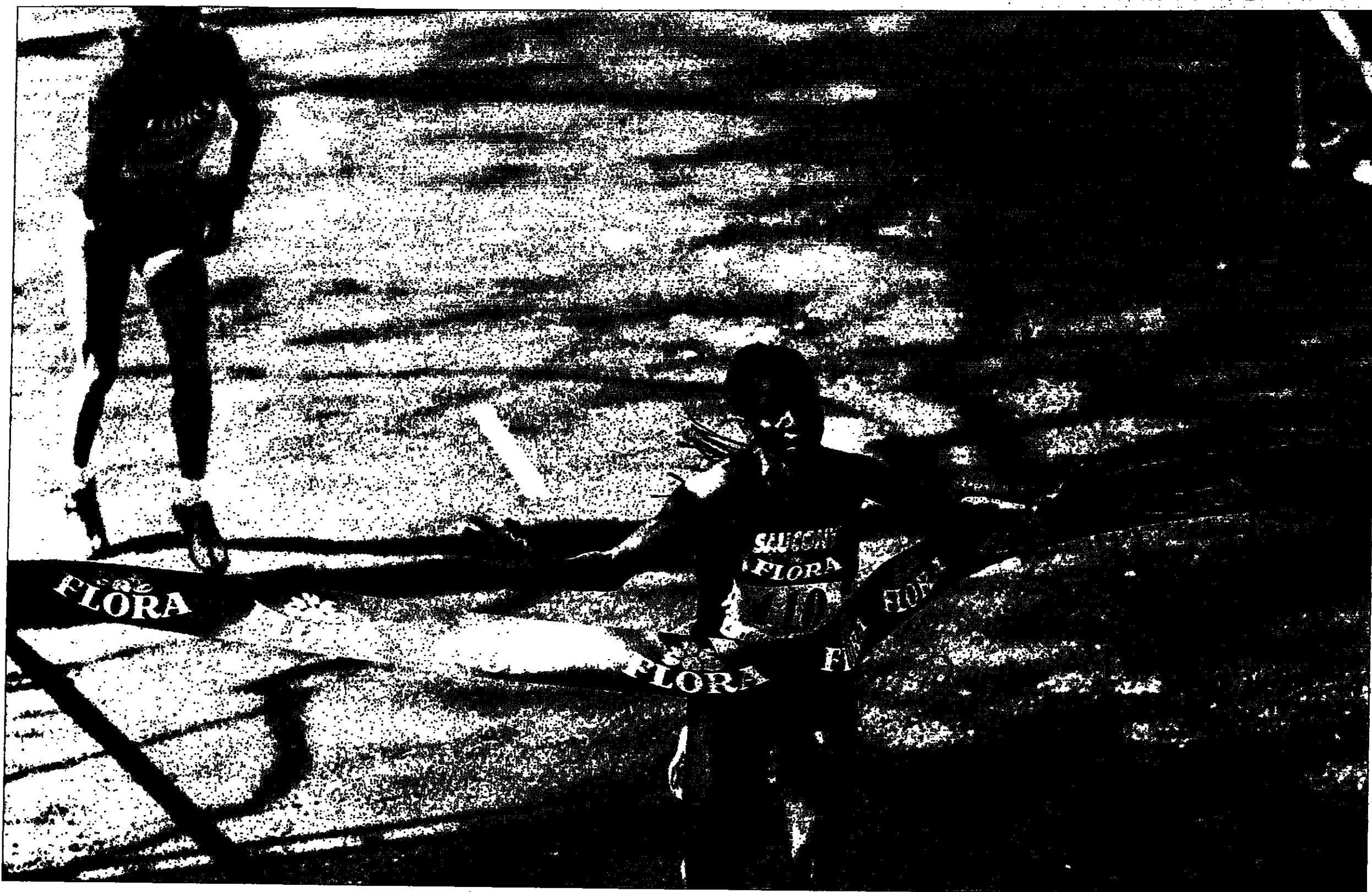
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"You must monitor both small and big fish," urged hard-line Economy Minister Yiannos Papanastasiou on the eve of the squad's first mission. "Don't spare anyone."

Tourist rates - bank sells

Australia 2.006	France 8.009	Italy 2.895	Singapore 2.26
Austria 19.05	Germany 2.70	Malta 0.806	South Africa 7.02
Belgium 55.85	Greece 428.00	Netherlands 3.03	Spain 227.25
Canada 2.20	Hong Kong 12.22	New Zealand 2.269	Sweden 12.22
Cyprus 0.804	India 58.18	Norway 10.98	Switzerland 2.31
Denmark 10.38	Ireland 1.01	Portugal 370.80	Turkey 206.980
Finland 8.17	Israel 5.51	Saudi Arabia 5.98	USA 1.5880

Supplied by NatWest Bank. Exchange rates are quoted as at close of business on Friday.



McColgan loses at last gasp

Stephen Bierley sees two desperately close finishes light up yesterday's London Marathon

MARATHONS always produce their own peculiar interior dramas; unseen, private battles against pain, mental torment, and downright exhaustion. The event, by definition, is a prolonged slog yet yesterday's London Marathon, both men's and women's races, produced finishes of such pulsating, last-gasp excitement that those watching felt almost as emotionally and physically drained as the runners.

Liz McColgan, winner last year, looked out of contention with a couple of miles remaining. In the end, after an outstandingly brave run, she lost by little more than a heartbeat to Kenya's Joyce Chepchumba.

It seemed scarcely possible that the men's race could finish such an extraordinary finish, yet it was a near mirror image with Portugal's Antonio Pinto, winner in 1992, outstripping Stefano Baldini of Italy to win by two seconds.

Baldini, the world half-marathon champion, looked to have timed his own move to perfection but Pinto, who

charged through the final few miles at a pace which almost defied belief, was not to be denied, winning in a course record of 2hr 07min 58sec.

This was a morning born for fast running, radiant spring sunshine being tempered by a cool airflow, although with only a hint of a breeze. The first four men were all inside the old record of 2hr 08.16 set by Britain's Steve Jones 12 years ago, while Chepchumba and McColgan both ran their quickest ever marathons.

For McColgan the race began badly. "I was having pains in my stomach, and therefore could not take all the drinks I would normally have during a race. After 18 miles I thought I would be lucky to be in the top five, but the crowd were fantastic."

The 33-year-old Scot was nonetheless bitterly disappointed afterwards. Last year, after winning here, McColgan had high hopes of an Olympic gold medal in Atlanta, but a few days before that race she was bitten on the heel by an insect, causing her lymph glands to swell and ruining her chances.

She had her heart and mind set on erasing those memories with a second successive victory in the capital but Chepchumba, second to McColgan last year by more than two minutes, edged her out in the last few agonising strides.

Little wonder McColgan's cheeks were still stained with tears two hours after the finish. "I felt I let the crowd down," she said. In fact, she gave everything, the only fault being - and one her coach

"I didn't realise Joyce was there. I thought I'd won. It was like a shadow going past."

Greta Waitz confirmed - that McColgan mistimed her final surge, going too early.

Germany's Sonja Kroll, a former triathlete, had herself surged into the lead after half-way. Her lead reached one minute, but on the Isle of Dogs she discovered her own personal wasteland. Her shoulders tensed, her face contorted, and she listed to the left like a boat whose cargo had suddenly slipped.

Chepchumba and Romania's Lidia Simon eventually eased past with Simon looking particularly frisky. By now McColgan, in fourth place, was obviously struggling to hold on. All seemed lost but, as she approached the Embankment, the huge crowds lifted her marvellously, putting new strength in her legs.

Simon cracked, leaving McColgan and Chepchumba to watch each other like cats, although the Kenyan was looking entirely the wrong way when the Scottish runner slipped through on the inside.

When McColgan opened up a gap the length of a cricket pitch it seemed enough, but as Chepchumba turned into the Mall she attacked. "I didn't realise Joyce was there," said McColgan. "I thought I had won. It was like a shadow going past."

Someone worked out that when France's Laurent Pignon lost the Tour de France to Greg LeMond by 10 seconds, he would have won without the drag of his pony-tail. Perhaps McColgan should do away with those buns.

The men's race scorched along, inside world record pace



Running on empty... Joyce Chepchumba (above) beats Liz McColgan to the line, as 27,000 more trail their steps
PHOTOS: TOM JENKINS, PAUL HACKETT

for more than 10 miles and shaking the eventual leading bunch down to eight, including Richard Nerurkar and Paul Evans of Britain, with Baldini later increasing it to nine.

Baldini pushed hard at 22 miles, taking the Olympic champion - Josia Thugwane and Kenya's Eric Kimaiyo in his wake. At this stage Pinto had disappeared from their view, should any of the three have chosen to turn round. It was about three miles from the finish, on the fringe of the Thames, that Pinto discovered fresh stamina, stimulating an extraordinary final burst.

Kimaiyo was dropped by Baldini and Thugwane, and then the Olympic champion faded as Big Ben loomed. Baldini believed victory was his but on, ever on, came the remarkable Pinto, who two years ago lost a minute lead himself in the final few miles.

By Birdcage Walk Pinto was in front, and the Portuguese runner sang all the way home.

Race diary

Richard Nerurkar, the first British man to cross the finish line, describes his hopes and disappointments on a perfect day for running

Personal best is not good enough

Cutty Sark
6 miles/28min 56sec
The early miles are all about saving energy for the final stages and at this point - with just short of a quarter of the race run - I am feeling comfortable. The weather conditions are as perfect as they could be for a marathon. It's not too hot and there is little wind. There should be some fast times.

I've watched this race on many occasions, including in 1994 and 1995 when I covered it on the back of a motorbike for BBC television - the 1992 winner Hugh Jones did the same this year - and I can't describe how it feels to be taking part.

In previous seasons I've targeted the championship marathon in the summer as my main race of the year



Nerurkar... gallant fifth

but I've always wanted to run in London.

It's been difficult to watch knowing I could be out there fighting it out with the other guys, so it was really a question of when it best fitted in with my schedule. I said to myself after the Olympics I was to go to run London and so here I am.

Tower Bridge
13 miles/1hr 2min 48sec
The time is already fast. The pacekeepers, Carlos Patricio and Paulo Catarino of Portugal, have done an excellent job. The halfway point comes just after Tower Bridge and, as a large group go through in 1hr 03min 28sec, it doesn't take much to work out that we're on for something special. I'm feeling good. London is a fast course

and I'm certainly looking to improve on my best time of 2:10.03. That was run on another fast course in San Sebastian in 1993, when I won the World Cup in what was only my second marathon. My preparations have gone as well as they could and if I don't do it after the start I've had and in these conditions, then who knows when I will?

It's great to be part of a field that includes such a strong domestic contingent, including Paul Evans, who won in Chicago last October in the fastest time by a Briton for eight years. But we all know we're up against a very strong international field - there are probably 10 or 12 of us who are in real contention to win. It is no surprise that everyone is still there as we approach halfway.

The form guide in a marathon is not that much of an indicator, and we will only see later, when the race really gets going, who will be fighting it out at the finish.

Canary Wharf
15 miles/1hr 12min 15sec
It's already been a great weekend for the marathon and the weather has just made it perfect. Everything I've heard about the crowds along the route is true. There are so many spectators it is incredible.

Even in Docklands there are lots of people. There's no place where you are

alone. My wife, parents, my brother and his wife, and my sister are all in London supporting me, and they have been a source of inspiration to me all week. I also hear a couple of people call out for me but I'm concentrating so much I really don't take it in.

As Patricio drops out the pace slows and the race is whittled down to the main contenders. There is more at stake in this race because it will decide who is Britain's top marathon runner and I want to show how good I am. I've got the same sense of excitement about this race as I did for the Olympics. Of course, it's also great to win prize money but that's definitely not my goal today.

I've been taking on water from the first drinks station at five kilometres. All the top runners have their own special drinks which they have prepared themselves but I've also been taking the water and sponges that are available to keep hydrated. Because of the heat, I hear that the organisers have put some shower units along the course but I don't see any of them.

Tower of London
22 miles/1hr 47min 29sec
Stefano Baldini, the Italian who won the World Half-Marathon Championships in Palma last year, makes a move. You could definitely feel the increase in pace.

Josia Thugwane, the Olympic champion, went with him and I attempted to latch on to the back of them.

I am right on their tails when we go across the cobbles at the Tower of London and they edge away again. Baldini was an obvious danger and he had made a move two miles earlier just to test us out. It's always difficult to know if these are for real or not, but this time I know immediately it was the decisive moment of the race. I don't think the cobbles have anything to do with them dropping me - they were just stronger.

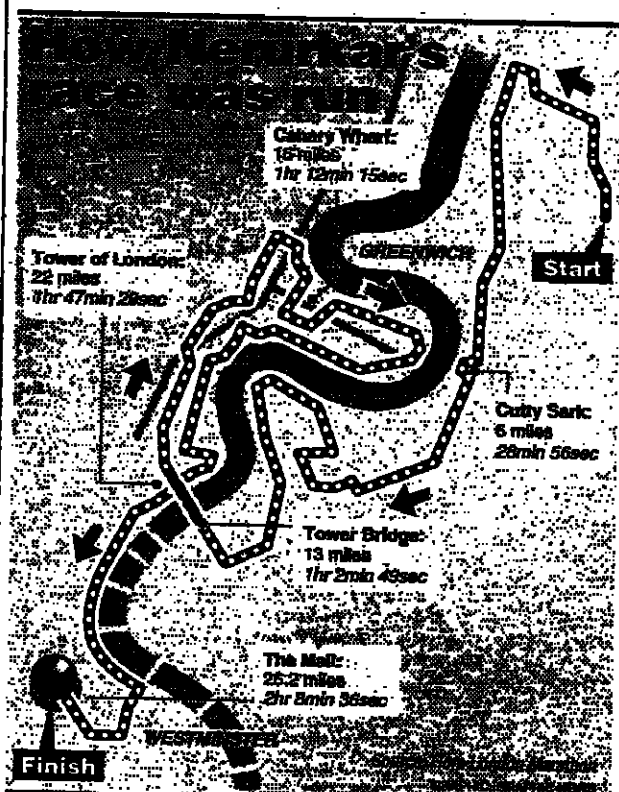
I have run long enough to know that anything can happen in the closing stages of a marathon - they are tough - and that I've got to hang in there.

But I am also realistic enough to know that the only way I can catch them now is if they slow down, and I don't think that's going to happen.

that the energy you strive to save in the early stages will see you through to the finish, but it still always feels like you are running on an empty tank. You just have to push through and get to the end.

Overall, I feel I've got the best out of myself. I ran very positively, felt

comfortable past halfway and was right up there with the leaders at 20 miles. I just hoped I would be the guy at the front controlling it. For a long time I've been aware that I am a 2hr 5min runner and I am satisfied I have finally done that. But it would have been nice to win.



FA CUP SEMI-FINALS

Wimbledon 0, Chelsea 3

Zola flair lights up the way to Wembley

David Lacey at Highbury

THE short outwitted the long and the tall at Highbury yesterday as Chelsea reached their fifth FA Cup final, and their second in four seasons, to leave Wimbledon with nothing but a field of wistful dreams.

The all-round craftsmanship of Gianfranco Zola, aided by the marvellous play of Mark Hughes and the footballing sagacity of Dennis Wise, not only brought Chelsea a decisive victory but rescued the day's first semi-final from scrappy mediocrity. In the end Wimbledon could not live with the skill and vision these players brought to Chelsea's football.

Hughes, his presence in doubt because of a groin injury, gave Chelsea the lead at a significant psychological moment shortly before half-time and scored their third goal in the game's dying seconds. In between times Zola virtually put the contest beyond Wimbledon's reach with a piece of artistry which had the losers' manager Joe Kinnear observing that "the hallmark of a great player is producing the goods when it matters, and he did just that".

So Rund Gullit and his dreadlocks will lead out Chelsea at Wembley on May 17; a Chelsea team, moreover, who should be in a more sanguine frame of mind than the relatively limited side who lost 4-0 to Manchester United in the 1994 final. To start with, Hughes will be wearing Chelsea blue this time.

Yesterday's match, however, belonged largely to Zola, who carried on rather where Dennis Bergkamp had left off for Arsenal the previous afternoon. Seldom if ever can Highbury have witnessed such two such displays of individual talent in 48 hours.

Once Wimbledon had to chase the game, or to be more specific the ball, on rapidly turning legs they were done for. The pursuit of two cups and a place in Europe has strained the stamina of even Kinnear's muscular athletes.

All might have been different had Chelsea's goalkeeper and central defenders lived down to their pessimistic pre-match billing. Frode Grodås and Frank Leboeuf, it was felt, would wilt under Wimbledon's aerial bombardment.

This never happened. Wimbledon's football reached for the sky from the outset, with free-kicks, corners and the prodigious throwing-in of Vinnie Jones landing in Chelsea's goalmouth like howitzer shells. But Gullit's defence held firm.

Catching high balls against Wimbledon must be rather like collecting conkers amid falling trees. But Grodås's handling was superb, and, with Leboeuf showing impressive calm in front of him, the panic factor never

came to Wimbledon's aid. Interestingly, five of Chelsea's six survivors from the 1994 final (Wise being the other) were either defenders or midfield players with defensive leanings. Yesterday Johnson was the best of these because he not only challenged Ekeke and Gayle for high balls with consistent success but denied Wimbledon the second ball, from deflections and ricochets, which brings them so many goals.

The only success Wimbledon achieved was in hustling Chelsea out of their usual smooth passing patterns during the opening 20 minutes. But once Wise began to find space in midfield and down the flanks, and even without the injured Petrescu, Chelsea were able to get behind their opponents and put pressure on the Wimbledon centre-backs Perry and Blackwell.

After an anonymous start Zola became a steadily growing influence. Earle had gone close a couple of times for Wimbledon, preserving the thought that the long ball might yet win the day, but it was Leboeuf's long pass to Zola, three minutes before half-time, which swung the game in Chelsea's favour.

With exquisite timing the small Italian held the ball until he could release Wise to his left. With Sullivan beaten, Kimble got in front of Burley as the cross dipped towards the net, but his clearance was chested down by the incoming Hughes, who then scored from close range.

The match was always Chelsea's after that. Three minutes past the hour Wise and Di Matteo worked the ball in to Zola from the left. Zola's first touch was impeccable, Blackwell was beaten by a deft turn, and Sullivan by a firm shot.

Just before that Kinnear had brought on Holdsworth to give himself an extra striker, but what Wimbledon really needed were new legs. Zola hit a post with a deflected shot in stoppage time as a weary Perry misjudged Grodås's huge clearance and misheaded the ball straight to Hughes, who scored gleefully.

"Everybody was saying we couldn't cope with Wimbledon's strength and hassle," said Gullit. "But we played good, patient football."

Zola was delighted. "I have finished my vocabulary," he said. Yesterday, so far as Wimbledon were concerned, he knew too many long words.

Hughes will be the sixth player to play in five FA Cup finals at Wembley. The first was Joe Hulme, pre-war (four for Arsenal, one for Huddersfield) and there have been four since that war. Johnny Giles (one Manchester United, four Leeds), Pat Rice (five Arsenal), Frank Stapleton (three Arsenal, two United) and Ray Clemence (three Liverpool, two Tottenham).



Sparky on fire... Mark Hughes strikes the first of his two goals for Chelsea past the scrambling Wimbledon goalkeeper Neil Sullivan, right, at Highbury yesterday

FRANK BARON

Hughes doubly sure of a little bit of history

Jim White on Chelsea's uncompromising striker who is heading for his fifth Cup final

YOU could never accuse Wimbledon of being slow to show their intent. Within eight seconds of the start of the FA Cup semi-final, Chelsea's Steve Clarke was taking the Highbury turf for an agricultural assault on his ankles by Neil Ardley.

In the ensuing exchange of opinions, Vinnie Jones and Dennis Wise were in each other's faces, the sun bouncing off their No. 1 crops. Frank Leboeuf added his 10 centimes worth, he too marking this occasion by eschewing all hair, perhaps in an effort to steel himself for the muscular encounter

ahead. This, you thought, was not going to be sophisticated; all those Italians in the press box would soon be off home, tut-tutting.

If it was to be a battle, however, Chelsea didn't need to worry. They had in their number, at that moment stalking the centre circle with a small plume of steam rising from his collar, Mark Hughes.

Currently the owner of the most exaggerated calves in football, Hughes is not one to be lulled. Particularly in a match as important as this: if Chelsea won, Hughes knew he would equal Frank Stapleton's re-

cord of five FA Cup final appearances, and put himself in with a chance of being the first player this century to pop four winners' medals on to his sideboard.

"When you start your career," he said after the game, in that soft, modest voice of his, "you hope to make your mark."

Hughes did that all right, mainly on the Wimbledon defence. He pulled them apart like a pair of curtains, running along the edge of the box as his colleagues attacked, always looking for space. Sometimes he was alone against five defenders, but he never let Wimbledon regain their

him the ball, he guided it quickly, accurately into Zola's or Di Matteo's or Burley's path and then peeled away for the return.

The return took nearly 45 minutes to arrive. Just as the Wimbledon fans had offered the not-wholly-unfair observation that "you're worse than Crystal Palace", Leboeuf found Zola, who crossed into a crowded area. It bounced around for a while, before Hughes put an end to indecision.

"Youzee, Youzee," belatedly the Chelsea followers, more than happy to borrow Manchester United's old war-cry, Hughes himself didn't look surprised.

In the second half there was never any doubt Hughes would make the first stage of his record.

Zola began to dominate, wriggling and skipping his way through the Wimbledon resistance, selling Blackwell the dummy of the season before scoring a scorching second.

As the rest of the Chelsea team marked that effort by forming a human tower-block down in front of the North Bank, Hughes, never one to celebrate over-enthusiastically his colleagues' goals, jogged to the centre circle, saving his energy for the bullying strike at the end which gave the scoreline a flattering edge.

When the final whistle sounded, there was little evidence of Chelsea's internal feuding. Vialli hugged Gullit, Gullit hugged Zola and everyone hugged Hughes.

"He has also already

agreed to renew his contract for one year," said Gullit of Hughes afterwards. "That is how important he is to this club."

"He said 'I'd agreed, did he?'" smiled Hughes after Gullit had departed. "I'll have to see what the wife has to say about that."

Wimbledon, meanwhile, were on their way home. Only the flint-hearted would fail to feel sorry for Joe Kinnear's team. Chasing three trophies and ending up with nothing, they were like the marathon runner who sprinted ahead at Tower Bridge, knackered by their own ambition. Even had they been on the ball, however, you suspect that Mark Hughes, the history man, would have done his bit to spoil their scheme.

Premiership: Blackburn Rovers 2, Manchester United 3

Cole finally gets United method into his system

George Caulkin

WHAT a difference a day can make, particularly if it is spent in the lap of luxury, having body and soul gently massaged back to health. Wood Park would be the last place on earth for aching limbs or bruised egos, so Alex Ferguson, instead of having Manchester United face the scene of their European Cup defeat last Wednesday, kept them in Germany for another 24 hours.

It was a recipe for survival — success was too much to expect, in a place where losing returns to the domestic game after European trips — which had more than the desired effect. Legs were rested and appetites whetted, no small matter with half a side absent: Giggs, Schuster, Irwin and May were injured. Beckham was on the substitutes' bench.

None reaped the benefit more than Andy Cole, hitherto enigmatic in red, but purposeful on Saturday. Ferguson disclosed that his decision to omit his £7 million striker for the Dortmund clash had been a trying one, and perhaps to rectify matters, he fielded a surprisingly attack-minded team — Cantona lurking in the space behind Cole and Solskjaer, with Scholes in midfield.

"I wondered whether I was doing the right thing by leaving him out," said the United manager. "It could have come down to the tip of a coin between him and Solskjaer, but I don't think you'll see Cole out of the team from now on. He's looking fresh."

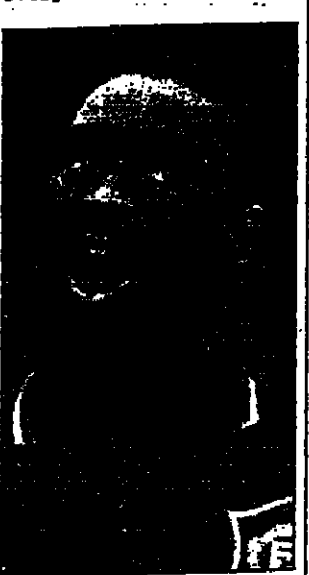
Fresh was one word for Cole's destructive perfor-

mance. Awesome is another. This was an all-round centre-forward merrily at work, playing to a system that makes the most of his game: flicks, dribbles, goals, holding the ball up, sprinting into channels, even the glorious missed sitter that has become a trademark.

Cole's failure to adapt to the United style has long been a millstone, but now his teammates are making allowance for the player he is, not the player he might be.

"I was disappointed to have missed out against Dortmund," said Cole, who was a playing substitute on the night. "So I came out here to enjoy myself and express myself. I think I did that." It was as if a veil had been lifted.

Cole played the fulcrum for every move of note. His



Cole... in for the season

blocked shot freed the excellent Butt to be brought down by Kenna, only for Cantona to fluff the penalty, he finished a sweeping one-touch move by threading a low shot between Hendry's legs for his sixth goal of the season; and he exchanged passes with Phil Neville outside the area before turning smartly and picking out Scholes on the right. Head down, right foot, first time, 2-1.

That goal, three minutes before half-time, ripped all animosity from the proceedings. Where little landmines had been detonating across the field, United could now relax, waiting until the 81st minute before unleashing Cole once more. Then Butt curled a floating long ball out to the right flank, from where Solskjaer and it back to Gary Neville. The enter the No. 9, who hopped around Wilcox, charged into the area along the byline and set up Cantona for the simplest of tap-ins. It was a wonderful goal.

Rovers' 35th-minute equaliser came when Le Saunx had been brought down by Scholes. Van der Gouw came out to punch a free-kick from Wilcox that he should have caught, and McKinlay volleyed the rebound into the bottom left corner.

The second, two minutes from time, was worse. Federsen was given space to find Warhurst, who comfortably evaded a leader-footed challenge to score.

Blackburn must wait for the few points they need for safety, but those will surely come. As will Roy Hodgson from Internazionale. "I'm just hoping he's going to bring a minibus full of players," signed the caretaker manager Tony Parkes.

Arsenal 2, Leicester City 0

Ponytail does not suit Wenger

Russell Thomas

AFTER the verbal warfare surrounding the championship, Arsenal Wenger's Arsenal has been given added intrigue by the latest, arguably the biggest, name to be linked with Highbury. Enter Roberto Baggio, a seemingly weakened Leicester team hardly equipped to argue.

So much has been said about the final eight days of the season — which Wenger still publicly insists will probably end with a Manchester United triumph — that it is easy to overlook that has been achieved already.

Arsenal are virtually assured of a European place next season, only needing to resolve whether it be in the Champions' Cup or Uefa Cup. So Wenger can enter the summer highly encouraged by his seven months' work at Highbury. But then the hard talking begins.

At least one high-profile signing — probably Paul Ince from Internazionale — is expected and speculation about Wenger's rebuilding of Arsenal has been given added intrigue by the latest, arguably the biggest, name to be linked with Highbury. Enter Roberto Baggio, a seemingly weakened Leicester team hardly equipped to argue.



Bergkamp... hefty rise?

he replied: "If we have to change it, we have to adapt it to every player."

Yet the biggest wage problem could well lie with a player already at Arsenal. The Highbury paymasters may have to double Dennis Bergkamp's wages, to about £20,000 a week, to persuade him to commit virtually the rest of his career to the club.

Bergkamp, 28 next month, still has two years left on his contract. But with the Bosman ruling in mind, Arsenal are taking no risks. "We'll try to solve the problem at the end of the season," said Wenger.

Bergkamp's sublime present form — he cleverly engineered both goals — in his most productive season for years puts him in an extremely powerful bargaining position. Wenger has almost run out of plaudits.

"It's rare to find a player who can supply passes and score. He's mastered all the aspects of the game."

A full-strength Leicester have no one in Bergkamp's class, so it was asking too much of a side lacking eight — injured or rested — of their Coca-Cola Cup final team to withstand the Dutchman. And whereas this makeshift team had one eye on Wednesday's replay, Arsenal's defenders had all theirs on attacking.

Wenger has given Adams and his co-defenders their own freedom of movement. The returning captain concluded a glorious interchange with Bergkamp with a diving header after 35 minutes. Bould and Keown occasionally surged forward in search of the second goal, which arrived midway through the second half. Bergkamp's precise pass found Platt, who shot with equal accuracy just inside Keller's far post.

As Highbury began to doze in the sunshine, Seaman appeared to catch the mood as he fumbled an Elliott header on to the post near the end of a one-sided contest. Leicester's only other moment of menace came when Robins drove in a low shot which Arsenal's goalkeeper saved at the second attempt.

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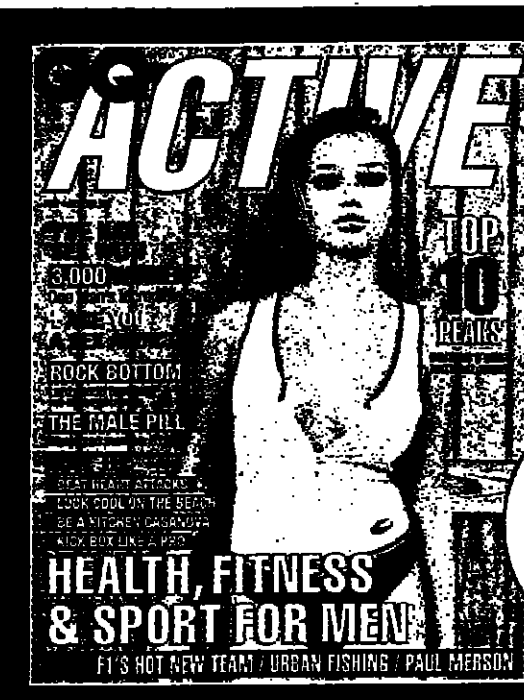
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victory snatched
from Liz McColgan.
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The Guardian Sport

Monday April 7 1997

FA Cup semi-final: Chesterfield 3, Middlesbrough 3 (after extra-time)

Suffering Spireites dream on

Martin Thorpe
at Old Trafford

THIS was very nearly the greatest FA Cup tie in the competition's 125 years. In the end it had to make do with being one of the greatest.

Put together for £320,000, the fourth-oldest club in the world were 20 minutes away from beating a Middlesbrough side that cost £21 million to become the first team from outside the top two divisions to play in an FA Cup final. And had the referee David Elleray not controversially ruled out what appeared a good Chesterfield goal when the Spireites were 2-1 up, they probably would have achieved that.

In the 68th minute Howard found himself free in the area with the ball at his feet. He turned smartly and hammered a shot which hit the bar and came down over the line. To everyone's surprise Elleray blew for an infringement, but no one was clear what the offence was, least of all the referee.

After the game he at first said that the whistle was for an offence by Morris after the ball had hit the bar and rebounded off the pitch, implying that he did not feel the ball had crossed the line. Later he had a different story: "I've seen the replay and I accept the ball crossed the line," he said and added that he had blown up for an infringement before the ball hit the bar.

It was the sort of refereeing controversy which has plagued this season, and one which gallant and spirited Chesterfield did not deserve.

But Middlesbrough's escape was not all about good fortune. Ravanelli and Juninho have shown the doubters since they arrived here that they really are prepared to sweat as well as swagger. Having been 2-0 down after 60 minutes, they helped to pull their shell-shocked side to 2-2 after 90 minutes and one goal ahead with only one minute of extra time remaining.

Chesterfield had given everything and looked dead on their feet. Then Beaumont, a late substitute with more strength than his teammates, hoisted a last hopeful long ball into the Boro area. Kevin Davies, Chesterfield's biggest threat all afternoon, jumped with a defender and the ball fell to Jamie Hewitt on the penalty spot.

With one last summoning of will the defender leapt higher than the red shirts gathered around and steered a looping header past the flat-footed goalkeeper Roberts into the top corner.

It is Hewitt's 30th birthday on May 17, the day of the Cup final, and he made sure that Chesterfield at least have a chance of being there to play Chelsea. They must repay this fixture at Hillsborough a week tomorrow.



Over he goes ... Chesterfield win a penalty as their striker Andy Morris, scorer of his side's first goal, is sent flying under the challenge of the Middlesbrough goalkeeper Ben Roberts. PHOTOGRAPH: DAVID DAVIES

Chesterfield had calmly asserted themselves from the whistle but the first real turning point came after 37 minutes.

Vladimir Kinder had already been booked for kicking the ball away needlessly at a free-kick when the skilful and pacy Davies beat him down the right. Kinder twice pulled back the striker and

was sent off for a second bookable offence.

Nine minutes after half-time Chesterfield took advantage of the extra man when Howard got past the substitute Blackmore down the right and fired in a cross to the ubiquitous Davies. His shot was deflected past the keeper, and the left 4in striker Andy Morris had only to tap

the ball in at the far post.

Six minutes later Chesterfield went 2-0 ahead. Morris again steamed into the area and was upended by, or fell over, Roberts's diving body. Elleray judged it to be the former and Dyer hammered in the penalty.

Chesterfield went wild. It is difficult to blame them but they probably went too wild

and found it impossible to clear from their minds the dream of achieving the impossible. They paid the price.

Within four minutes Boro had pulled a goal back; Emerson sent Blackmore clear down the left and Ravanelli bundled in the cross for goal No. 28 of the season.

When, two minutes later, Elleray gave a penalty to Mid-

dlesbrough after Juninho seemed to run into Dyer, it only compounded the injustice in Chesterfield's minds. Hignett duly equalised from the spot, squeezing the ball under Mercer's body.

Thirty minutes of extra time was a daunting prospect to tired Chesterfield, and Boro duly applied a firmer grip to the game. The impres-

sive Mercer produced a flying save from Juninho and blocked well from Ravanelli. It was inevitable that Boro would take the lead; Mostoe's shot cannoned off the bar, bounced over the head of the advancing Juninho and fell to the defender Glimuca Festa, who drilled home.

But Chesterfield came from defiant stock and were not

about to give up then. Their community was at the centre of the miners' strike of the 1980s. "I'm so proud of my players and everybody associated with the club," said their manager John Duncan. "It was an extraordinary, emotional day, the best of my career." Those privileged enough to witness it will not forget for a long, long time.

THE US MASTERS

Woods takes the long road

David Davies on the yardages of a young master as he got the measure of Augusta

SHER length, of a kind not seen since Jack Nicklaus was beginning his career, was propelling Tiger Woods towards an historic victory in the US Masters here in Augusta yesterday. Woods was quite simply overpowering a course that has over the years brought many great players to their knees.

The 21-year-old American phenomenon established a record by leading by nine strokes after 54 holes, one better at that stage than Raymond Floyd when he ran away with the 1976 event. He was also only two shots short of the record number under par, 17, a final reckoning which brought victory to Floyd and, in 1965, Nicklaus. All this in his first major as a professional.

Costantino Rocca was nearest to him at six under on 210, while Colin Montgomerie, after a sad 74, slipped to sixth.

Nicklaus predicted last year that Woods would win "more green jackets than Arnold Palmer and myself combined" — not bad, as Nicklaus won six and Palmer four — and he further committed himself to the Woods cause this week.

To furnish his accolade, the veteran echoed the 1963 words of Bobby Jones, creator of Augusta National, who said of the young Nicklaus's hitting: "He plays a game with which I am not familiar." Nicklaus said on Friday that in this generation those words now apply to Woods, and even a cursory examination of where he hits the ball and the clubs he uses for his second shots reinforces the opinion that Woods plays a different game from the rest of the field.

On Saturday he was round in 65, two short of the course record but including 30 putts, a high number for such a low score. But some of his driving

was simply astonishing and there was no better example than at the 2nd, a par-five of 555 yards. If the ball is carried on to a downslope it will get some extra run, but even the longest players are still left with a five- or six-iron for their second shot.

Woods hit his tee shot 370 yards and then, trying to flip a nine-iron 185 yards, hit it 190 yards through the green.

The 9th, of 435 yards, was a drive and sand wedge; the 10th, of 485 yards, a three-wood and nine-iron; the 11th, of 455 yards, a drive and a "little" nine-iron.

To round things off, at the uphill 405yd 18th, where the second shot is normally a five-iron or more, and with the pin at the back of the green, he hit a drive and sand wedge to a foot.

The Masters, with its \$2.7 million (£1.65 million) prize fund, was an important tournament for others besides Woods. Unfortunately the man most in need of a boost in the standings, Nick Faldo, had missed the cut and so remained in 48th place with \$22,000, which is currently

\$120,000 short of an automatic place in the team. As he is not going to be playing in many European events his points-gathering potential is now limited.

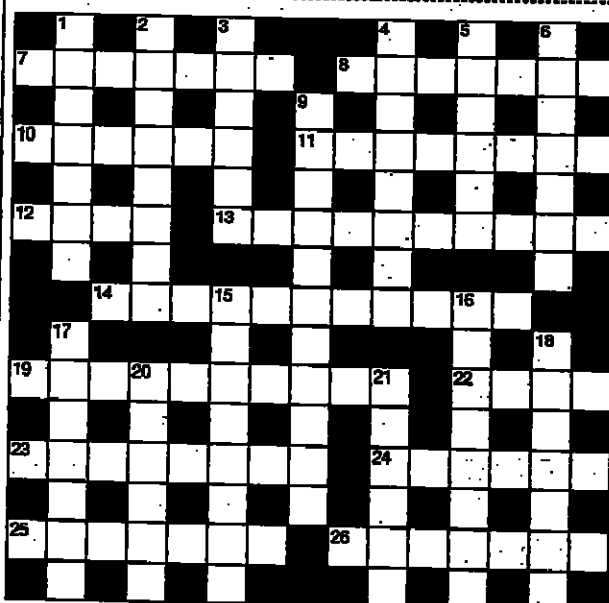
The captain, Severiano Ballesteros, has entertained thoughts of adopting a playing role but he too missed the cut, as he has in every event he has played this year.

But both Jose Maria Olazabal and Bernhard Langer were in a position to help themselves massively. They are, at the moment, 20th and 21st respectively in the list, and as both are among the first men who would be picked if the team were selected in its entirety, they would be doing their captain a big favour by earning their way to automatic selection.

There were five other Europeans with an active eye on the Ryder Cup, Colin Montgomerie having qualified already. Lee Westwood (11th), Per-Ulrik Johansson (ninth), Ian Woosnam (seventh) and Rocca (fifth) could, for varying reasons, do with a good finish.

Guardian Crossword No 20,937

Set by Rufus



Across
7 Increase the personnel in a new tug (7)
8 Girl able to recall where dates can be found (7)
10 An alto composition lacking an established key (6)
11 Con man? (8)
12 Groom takes horse round Epsom finally (4)

13 Revealing form of entertainment (10)
14 Get put off before I make a speech and go off (11)
19 Slady to the minute? Not so good (5-4)
22 Soviet agreement to Navy repair (4)
23 Possible secret of not having to pay (4,4)
24 Blood group (6)

Down
1 Where lots are put up only to be knocked down (7)
2 During a stroll, girl is likely to be won over (8)
3 Tries to catch "Points of View" (6)
4 It brings insects to a sticky end (8)
5 American Indian taking the pledge (6)
6 Inexperience produces the wrong answers (7)
9 They indicate location of damaged decorations (2-6)
15 Place represented as loaded with gold (2,6)
16 Evidence of a stack washer (8)

WINNERS OF PRIZE PUZZLE NO. 20,936
This week's winners of a Collins English Dictionary are Ken Jones of Harbert, Pembrokeshire, Graham Duncan of Largs, Ayrshire, Mrs. Teresa Elliott of Gosport, Hampshire, Miss F. M. Faulkner of Co. Down, Northern Ireland and Neil Walton of Ashford, Kent.

During the next few weeks full coverage of the general election will occasionally drive this crossword out of its usual home on the back page.

Solution tomorrow
17 Telle of twinges after exercise (7)
18 His money may be well-earned (7)
20 Dull-witted, note, after punishing bouts (6)
21 Fondle — maybe embrace (6)

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